

The Sketch

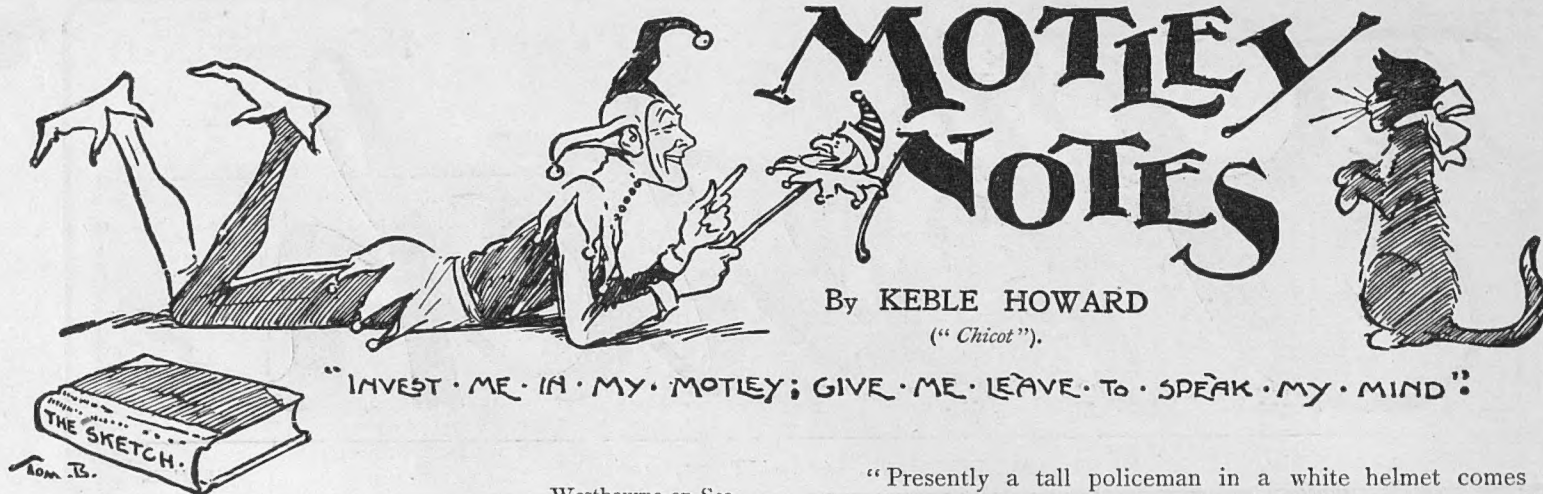
No. 708.—Vol. LV.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



A SEA FLOWER: Mlle. ADELINÉ GENÉE SETS A NEW FASHION IN BATHING-DRESSES.



Westbourne-on-Sea.

"GAY?" wrote Miss Ellaline, feverishly, to her dear old mother in Hackney. (I may explain, parenthetically, that Miss Ellaline is the youngest and brightest of the three girls who came down from London on the Saturday before Bank Holiday, and took those rooms at the corner of the fifth street after the pier, running at right angles to the Front. It is the far corner, certainly, but a splendid view of the sea may be obtained by leaning far out of the sitting-room window, whilst Jessie or Minnie holds you firmly by the tail of the skirt. I am not quite sure, by the way, that the lady's name is Ellaline. Her friends, in moments of excitement, as when dinner is on the table getting cold or a large wave threatens to bear her out to sea, address her as "Hella!" I have looked in my dictionary of Christian names, but can find no Hella. Hedda I find. Also Helga and Hester. But no Hella. I have therefore taken the liberty of concluding that the name is Ella, a contracted form of Ellaline. I might suggest to parents in doubt that Esther is a very safe name. In case of accidents, you see, or in moments of excitement, it merely becomes Hester. This is the end of the parenthesis). "I should say so! Last night, as if niggers, and bathing, and paddling, and bands, and Pierrots, and all like that, weren't enough, what must we do but go to the Circus!

"Sanger's Circus it was, or, to give them their full title as per programme, 'Lord John Sanger and Sons, Ltd., Royal Hippodrome and Menagerie.' It was Minnie that set us off wanting to go, because me and Jessie said we didn't care much about circuses after the London Hippodrome and the Coliseum. But Minnie would have it that a lady went into the lions' cage, and put her head into one of the lion's mouths. 'She might get it bit off,' says Jessie. 'Well,' says Minnie, 'if anything like that happens, you get five pounds apiece from the management.' We laughed at that, because we could see that she was getting mixed up with the chute at Earl's Court, but Minnie got as red as a turkey-cock and she says, 'Well,' she says, 'if you are going to be so superior, I'll go by myself.' Of course we couldn't let her do that, and there was just a chance that the lady would get her head bit off, so we went. As it turned out, the lions never came into the tent at all! The elephants did, but they never hurt anybody, and Minnie nearly cried with disappointment. But we managed to cheer her up between us, and the clowns were funny enough to make you split. There was one called Pimpo—an awfully comical little feller. I can't tell you all about him now, but I will when I get back. And there was a stoutish lady in black who was hauled up to the very top of the tent and went round and round, in jerks, on a little bar. 'What does that remind you of?' says Jessie. And me and Minnie both said together, 'A damp Catherine-wheel!' Then, of course, we had to hook little fingers and wish, and they tried to make me say what I wished, but I wouldn't, and there was a lot of fun, one way and another.

"That's what I say: you can always get plenty of fun out of anything if you make up your mind to it. Take Wednesday now. There was a Flower Show on at the Duchess of Devonmouth's place. This time it was Jessie that wanted to go, because she's never had a real chance of showing off that new muslin dress of hers. 'Oh,' says Minnie, 'I can't stand Flower Shows.' 'I don't believe you've ever been to one,' says Jess. 'That's all you know about it, Miss Clever,' says Minnie; and they'd have been throwing the plates at one another, or something of that, if I hadn't happened to upset the vinegar all over the table-cloth. Well, in the end we went to the Flower Show, and it wasn't half bad. You couldn't get into the tents where the flowers were, but we didn't bother our heads about that. 'Let's see if we can't get a squint at the Duchess,' says Jessie, and we went round to the other side of the house and began to peep in at the windows.

"Presently a tall policeman in a white helmet comes along. (Ever such a nice-looking man he was. I must say, the police can give soldiers a point or two any day of the week when it comes to looks.) 'What are you doing there?' he says, looking as stern as he knew how. 'We've come to call on the Duchess,' says Minnie; and we all laughed. 'Well,' says the copper, 'you'd best come away from those windows or you'll find yourselves in the road again.' 'Oo!' says Jessie—you know what a comical one she can be when she likes—and we all laughed again. 'Is there any chance of catching sight of her?' asks Minnie. 'Not much,' says the copper; 'because she's in Scotland.' Wasn't it a fair old sell! Anyway, we had to make the best of it, so we went and listened to the band. Such a lovely band—the Coldstream Guards. (Minnie would have it it was Goldstream, until we showed her the name on the programme. Fancy a London girl making a mistake like that!). Well, the first thing we did was to fall in love with the Conductor. His name was Lieutenant J. Mackenzie Rogan, Hon. R.A.M. I've copied it straight off the programme, so I know it's right. Such a fine-looking man, with broad shoulders and a grey moustache. He wore a black coat with black braid on it, and a sword. Jessie said she supposed the sword was to cut off the head of anybody who didn't play properly. Funny, that girl! She always seems to be thinking of people's heads coming off!

"The thing I liked about him best was the way he conducted—not waving his arms all over the place, like some of them, but just dignified and nice. There was a cornet solo, 'I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby,' and that got an encore, so they gave us 'The Lost Chord.' It was really heavenly, especially when all the other players played quite softly and made it sound like a church organ. I could have cried. And they played a lot more things. I like the Coldstream Guards. When I get back to town I shall try and hear them again.

"A funny thing was that there weren't nearly enough chairs to go round among all the people that wanted to sit down, and those that had managed to get chairs took precious good care not to give them up. Directly anybody did get up about ten people would make a dash at his chair all together, and then they looked such fools, the ones that didn't get it. There was one poor old clergyman; I did feel so sorry for him. You could see he was awfully fond of music, but he was too tired to enjoy it standing up. I believe he spent all the afternoon making dashes at chairs, and every time somebody was too quick for him, and he had to apologise and go away and try again. At last he spread his handkerchief out underneath a tree—you see, it had been raining in the morning and the grass was damp—and sat on that, only then he was so far away he couldn't hear the band. It did seem a shame.

"Well, I shall be back on Saturday, mother, ready to start work again on the Monday. It's been a lovely time, and I feel ever so much better and stronger for the change. I do wish you could have come with us. I'm sure it would have done you good, and Annie's quite old enough now to keep house and look after the children that short time. Next year you'll simply have to come. You'd love it in the evening when it's fine. We generally sit on the beach for a bit after the band's stopped and most of the folks have gone home. I think that's the nicest time, somehow, although it makes you feel a bit sad. Not a nasty sort of sadness, but the other sort. And it makes you think about the sea, and all the ships going along through the dark. It must be awful to be in a storm at sea. Now I must end up.—Your loving daughter,
ELLA."

"P.S.—I've had my blue dress washed down here. Of course it's faded a bit, but you have to expect that."

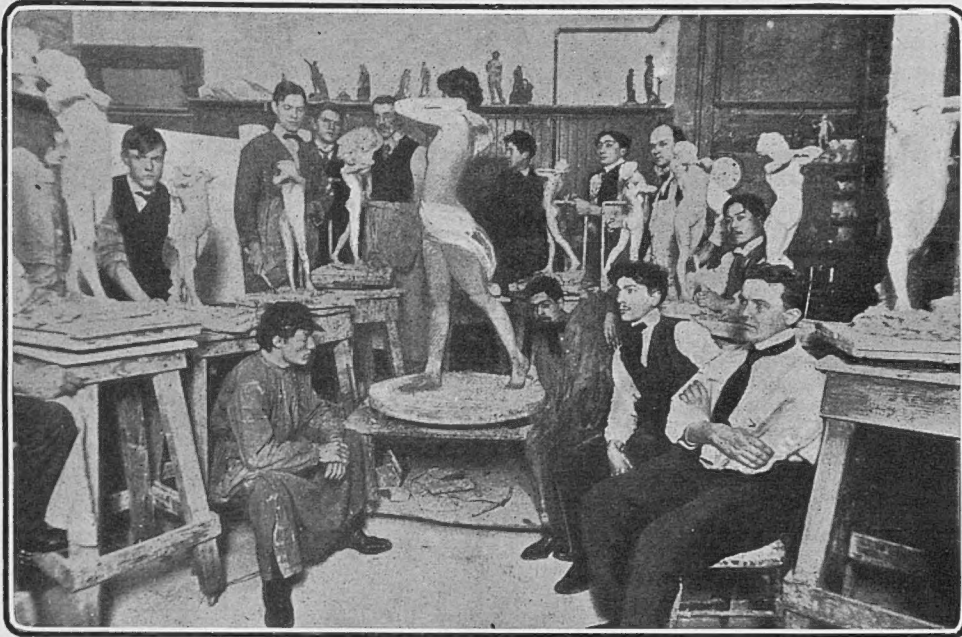
UNCO' GUID NEW YORK: OUTGRUNDYING MRS. GRUNDY.

THE RAID ON THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE, NEW YORK.

Mr. Yetto.



CARICATURES OF MR. ANTHONY COMSTOCK BY ONE OF THE STUDENTS AT THE LEAGUE.



Mr. Davidson.

A LIFE CLASS AT WORK AT THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE, NEW YORK, WHICH WAS RAIDED RECENTLY BY MR. ANTHONY COMSTOCK, WHO SEIZED A WAGON-LOAD OF CATALOGUES.



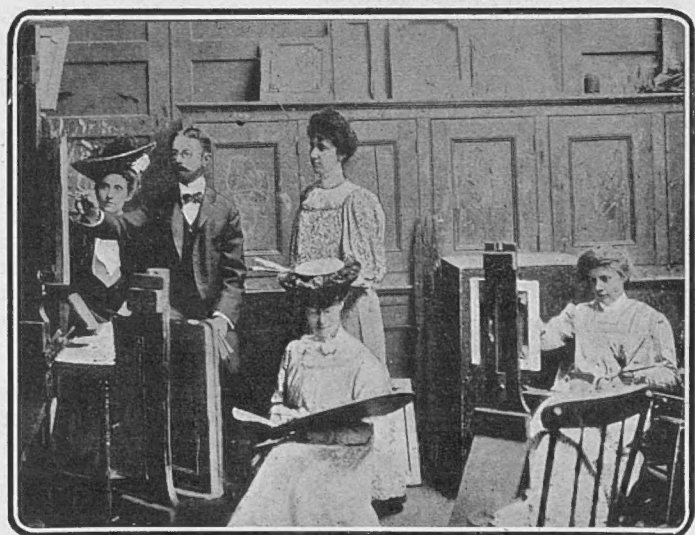
ANOTHER CARICATURE OF MR. ANTHONY COMSTOCK BY A STUDENT AT THE LEAGUE.



ANOTHER VIEW OF A LIFE CLASS AT THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE.



TYPICAL STUDENTS AT THE LEAGUE.



A GROUP OF STUDENTS AT WORK.

Mr. Anthony Comstock has caused a good deal of sensation in New York by organising a raid of the Art Students' League, in Fifty-second Street Studios, by confiscating a wagon-load of the League's catalogues on the ground that they contained drawings of the nude which were "indecent, obscene, and subversive of public morals," and by arresting Miss Anna Robinson, book-keeper of the organisation, for having the pictures in her possession. The Art Students' League is one of the chief art schools of the country, and its instructors are men of marked character and distinction. In Photograph 1 can be seen Mr. Yetto, a Japanese well known for his flower-paintings; and in the right foreground, Mr. Joseph Davidson, who exhibited a bronze statue of "The David," in last winter's exhibition of the Society of American Artists. Most people interested regard Mr. Comstock's action as ridiculous. The opinion of one of the students is worth quoting: "He has mixed up things so that we can't get a model to pose in anything lighter than a fur overcoat; and this is not the kind of weather to paint Esquimaux."

Photographs supplied by the Illustrations Bureau.

THE CLUBMAN.

The King of Spain's Sherry—Royal Gifts of Wine—The King of Spain as a Shot—The Saalburg.

THE little King of Spain's presents at Cowes of sixty dozen of old sherry to our King, to the Prince of Wales, to Princess Henry of Battenberg, and to less distinguished persons was a very royal gift. Comparatively few Englishmen of to-day know what a delightful after-dinner drink very old sherry is. Some of the old-vintage sherries, which, no doubt, were the character of the King's gifts, can compare with any wine in the world, and some of the blends of old wines are very delicious. In the bodegas of the old firms of Jerez there is always a cask which dates back far into the eighteenth century and was filled long before Napoleon sent his troops to trouble the country and Wellington led the British forces to the Peninsula to oust the French and to acquire a taste for the wine of Jerez. The wine of this cask, too bitter now to drink by itself, is used for blending with other wines themselves old, but not of the hoary antiquity of the great butt, and the result is a splendid wine.

At any dinner given by the King of Spain on his yacht *Giralda*, sherry is the wine which figures most prominently on the list of "Vinos" printed on the menu-card. The King's guests can drink claret or burgundy or champagne, if they will, but sherry is offered them with every course. The repast is heralded with Jerez 1847, and the sherries thence lead up by successive degrees of excellence to some Jerez Macharnudo 1780, which, I expect, was the wine which has gone to King Edward's cellars.

The Emperor of Austria and the King of Spain are now the two Sovereigns who make liquid gifts. Tokay has always been a royal present, and as practically all the best Tokay which is made comes from the vineyards of the Emperor or of the great Hungarian nobles, anyone who has tasted the real wine has tasted a present. When poor little Marie Antoinette first was sent to the French Court to be married an anxious correspondence took place between her mother and the Austrian Ambassador in France as to the present which would be most appreciated by the

of the wine. As the vines on the chalky hills were first planted, so local history says, by the Romans, no doubt the champagne vineyards have many a time paid toll to conquerors. There are rights and customs as to the champagne which is offered to visiting sovereigns, but whether the Houses which have the privilege of animating kings make a gift of the wine, I do not know.

Before I leave the subject of the little King and his gifts of golden wine, let me tell a story of his patriotism which I do not think has been in print. King Alfonso had gone to Jerez to shoot pigeons. I grieve to say that it was during Holy Week, and his faithful subjects in Seville, who were walking day and night in procession



Mrs. Stanley.

THE LADY GWENDOLEN CECIL, LIBEL CHARGE; MRS. MATILDA LAVINIA STANLEY, WHO HAS BEEN COMMITTED FOR TRIAL ON A CHARGE OF LIBELLING LADY GWENDOLEN CECIL.

At the moment of writing, the precise nature of the defamatory libel which, it is alleged, Mrs. Stanley published concerning Lady Gwendolen Cecil has not been stated.

to the sound of dead marches, lifted their eyebrows when they heard of his expedition. The King was welcomed with effusion at Jerez, and the Alcalde offered him the cup of welcome, which was filled with champagne. The King poured the champagne on the ground and called for wine of Jerez, saying that he would drink to the town in the wine of the town.

There is no doubt that King Alfonso acquitted himself very well in the shooting butts in the Highlands, for he is a very good shot, and fifty brace out of a total of a hundred is a very kingly share.

Those rather weary days when he used to be taken by his tutors to shoot ground game in the environs of Madrid, and which drew from him the joke that posterity would know him as Alfonso the Rabbit, have borne fruit, and at any shooting-party of kings his would not be the most meagre bag.

Most of his suite are good shots, and they, I am sure, did not require those minute instructions which another Sovereign caused to be issued to the admirals and generals who went north with him when he took his suite to shoot driven grouse. The liking of the Spanish King for pigeon-shooting will no doubt die away when he has fully tasted the pleasures of nobler sport.

The hill fort of the Saalburg, which King Edward visited from Cronberg, is one of the show-places of Germany which the Kaiser holds in high affection. No doubt it is the military character of the old Roman ruin which appeals to him. It is some years since I followed the paint marks which indicate the various walks in the Taunus, and came through the woods to the fort which the workmen were restoring. The Kaiser had not yet opened it in state with the worthy townsmen of Homburg put into togas to appear as noble Romans for that occasion only. The restored shelters under which the soldiers slept, and the Praetorium in the centre, are interesting; but were Germany rich in Roman remains very little fuss would have been made over this fort, which was originally erected to keep the German savages of the early Christian era in order, and was rebuilt by Germanicus. I know that I looked on my afternoon's pilgrimage to it as time poorly spent.



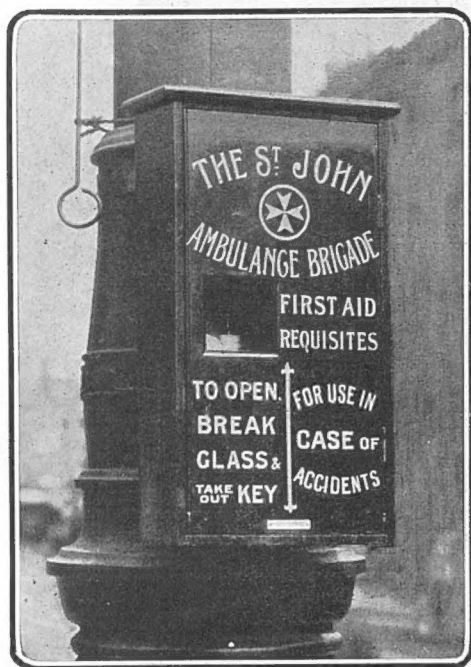
MUSIC AS BAIT FOR FISH: A PARTY OF ANGLERS SEEKING TO ATTRACT FISH BY PLAYING TO THEM.

Having heard that fishermen of the Danube are in the habit of attaching bells to their nets, a party of anglers recently tried the effect of music as a lure for fish. The result is said to have been excellent, despite the "scratchiness" of the orchestra.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.

King.—The choice lay between a team of Hungarian horses and some bottles of Tokay, and eventually the decision fell for the wine. As Imperial Tokay is considered hardly drinkable until it has matured for fifty years, and as a hundred years bring it to its maturity, the gifts of the Emperor of Austria are nearly as old as the King of Spain's 1780 Jerez.

There may have been royal gifts of champagne, but I do not remember any. The great gift of champagne was made during the Franco-German War, when Rheims ransomed itself from the Prussians by a present of many thousands of dozens



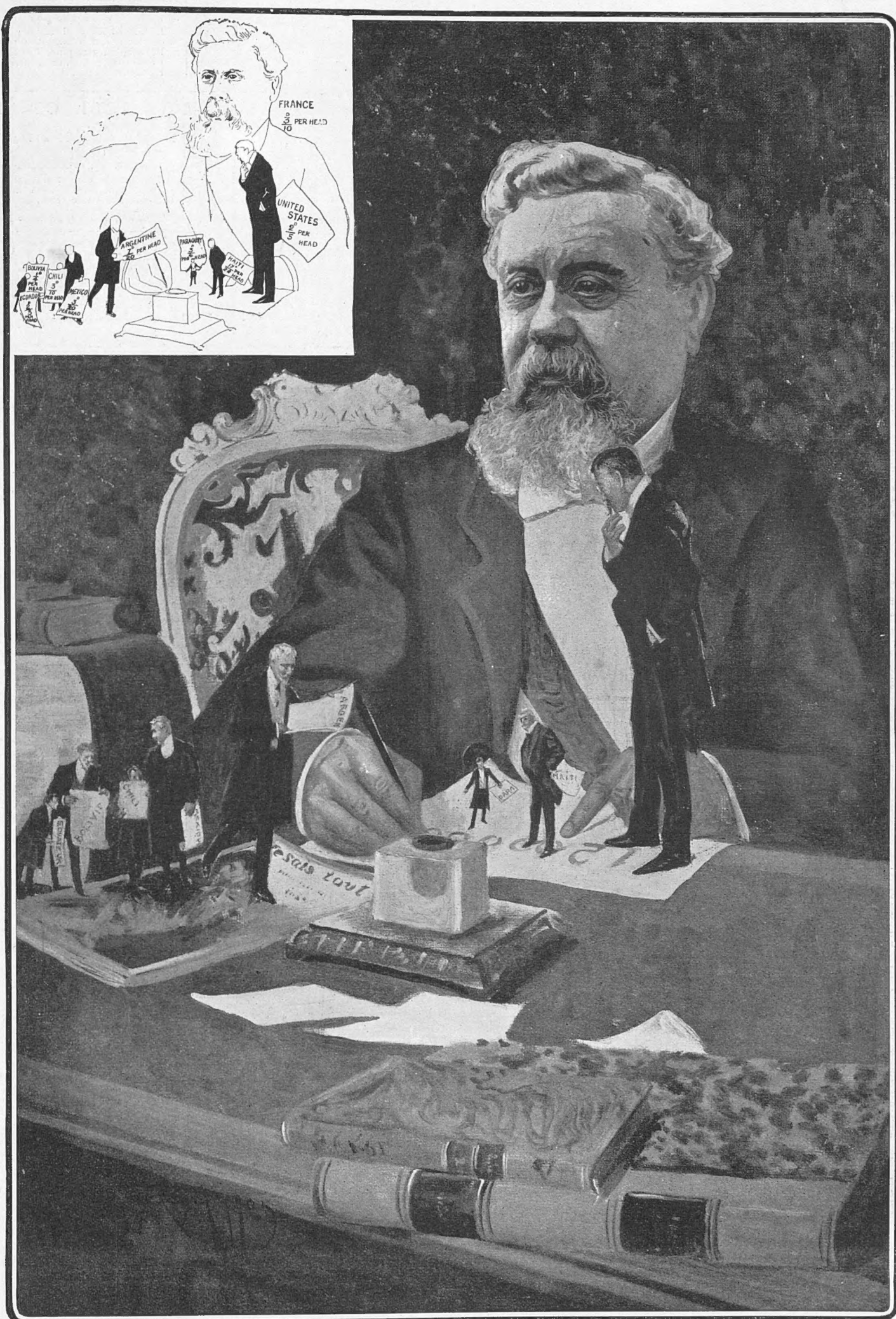
NO NEED TO BUY SMELLING-SALTS NOW! A FIRST-AID CABINET IN A STREET IN LEICESTER.

The Leicester branch of the St. John's Ambulance Association has placed a number of first-aid cabinets in the streets of Leicester. The cabinets are kept locked, but can readily be opened by breaking a glass door, in the same way as fire-alarms. They contain splints, bandages, and smelling-salts, as well as other first-aid appliances.

Photograph by Hearwood.

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THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

AUGUST 25.

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East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King, who is fond of paying his fellow-rulers graceful compliments, arrived at Marienbad just in time to take part in the general rejoicings held in honour of the venerable Emperor of Austria's birthday. Never is the beautiful Bohemian town seen to greater advantage than on the 18th of August; every house is hung with black and yellow flags, long narrow oriflames reaching almost from the roof to the

ground; then the public gardens and the woods are illumined with coloured lamps, and all the pretty, smart-looking shops show portraits of the venerated Francis Joseph. In the matter of going through the cure King Edward, with his usual thoroughness, sets an excellent example. By seven in the morning his Majesty is generally to be seen in the Kreuzbrunn Colonnade taking his glass of spring water. The menus of each of the meals prepared for the King are strictly drawn up in accordance with the rules that regulate the diet of every cure patient. Thus, luncheon almost invariably consists of the small trout, roast game, and that Marienbad dish called by the French name of *compôte*, which consists of a mixture of fruit thoroughly stewed, and eaten with very little, if any, sugar. Late dinner, which is never served after 7.30, is a repetition of luncheon, excepting that in addition to the game or chicken, a cut of roast meat is allowed.

The King's Niece-Hostess.

During his Majesty's brief sojourn at Friedrichshof he and the German Emperor were the guests of Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse-Cassel, the youngest daughter of the late Empress Frederick. Her Royal Highness, who is the Kaiser's favourite sister, is a gentle, sweet-looking woman, who lives up to the Hohenzollern ideal by being the mother of six sturdy sons, who include two sets of twins. Princess Margaret of Prussia, as she was, of course, always called as a girl, played in her mother's life much the same part as Princess Beatrice played in that of our late Sovereign. It was said that on several occasions she refused brilliant offers of marriage rather than leave her widowed mother, and her betrothal to the Prince whose wife she now is was the

outcome of quite a romance. Prince Frederick Charles is a clever, studious officer; he is trebly connected with our Royal Family, for, in addition to being King Edward's nephew by marriage, he is first-cousin to Queen Alexandra and to the Duchess of Connaught. The Empress Frederick left her youngest daughter the beautiful place created by herself, and accordingly Prince and Princess Frederick Charles spend the greater portion of each year at Friedrichshof, though they also own a delightful suite of rooms in the famous Schloss Rupenheim.

The Best Man's Perquisite.

It would seem that we are not too squeamish in one respect, at any rate, for a worthy parson has uplifted his voice in denunciation of "the foolish and irreverent custom of trying to secure the first kiss of the bride after a wedding," and a youthful curate chimes in with, "It is simply shameful to see that rush at the bride after the ceremony." Well, really and truly, whether this festive custom is foolish or not depends on the age and appearance of the particular bride.



HOSTESS AT THE MEETING OF THE KING AND THE KAISER: PRINCESS FREDERICK CHARLES OF HESSE-CASSEL.

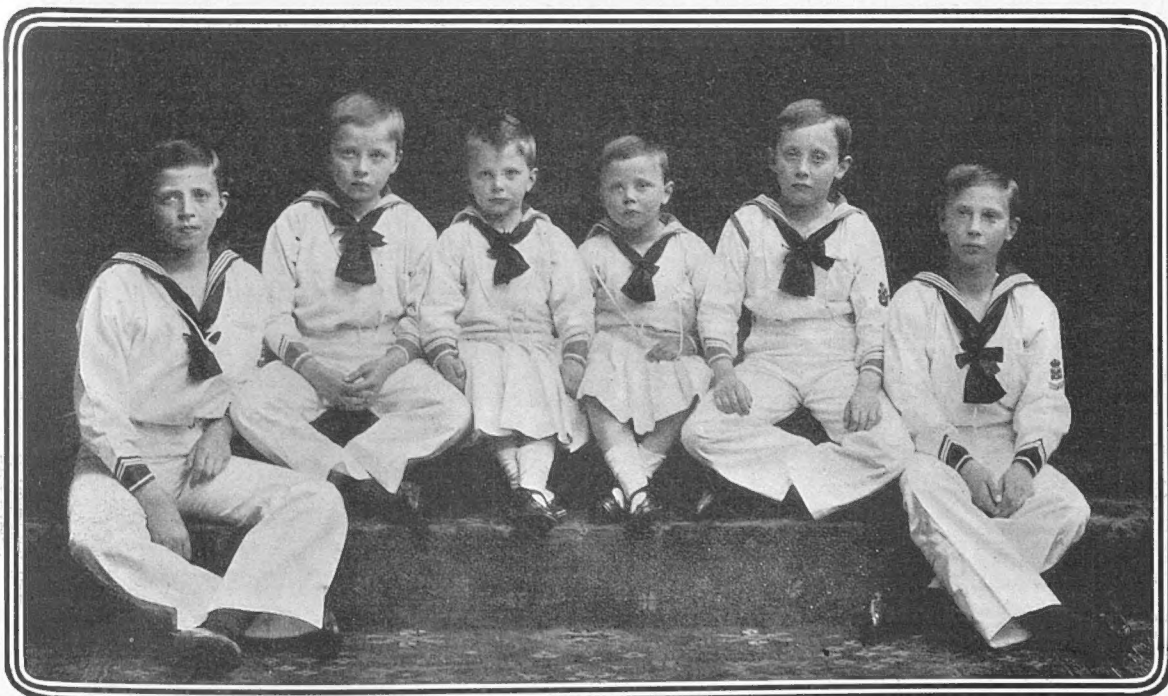
Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse-Cassel is the youngest daughter of the late Empress Frederick, and the owner of Friedrichshof.

Photograph by T. H. Voigt.

The practice, it seems, goes on under the bride's very nose, which sounds probable enough when you come to think of it, though, perhaps, those who are defeated in the race have to put up with her back hair. The old tradition was that this symbolic first kiss belonged as of right to the best man; and it seems to us that the best solution of the difficulty would be for this functionary not to let himself be "put upon" any longer.

The Importance of the Letter S.

According to the "Tribune of Geneva" the letter S plays a very important part in the secret reports about the German officers. One S means "saufen" (drinks a good deal), SS "sehr" (drinks deeply), SSS "sauf sehr stark" (drinks very deeply), SSSS (drinks very deeply of schnapps), and SSSSS (drinks very deeply of bad schnapps). The officer who has this last collection after his name is, of course, hopelessly done for, and has no longer the slightest chance of promotion.



PRINCESS FREDERICK CHARLES OF HESSE-CASSEL'S SONS.

The Princess's children include two sets of twins.

Photograph by T. H. Voigt.



WIFE OF THE MILLIONAIRE SHOT BY MR. HARRY THAW: MRS. STANFORD WHITE.

Mrs. Stanford White arrived in England recently by the White Star Liner "Baltic." Her name did not appear on the regular passenger list, but she occupied a suite of rooms on the starboard side of the lower promenade deck.

From a Photograph.

diamond cross, and this has, as accompaniment, only the Imperial sword of Ypyranga and other insignia of no particular value. These, however, may well have many gems of value among their companions, for up to 1850 Brazil had yielded not less than ten million carats of diamonds, some of which must, surely, have found their way into royal hands. Curiously enough, it was forbidden to seek the coveted gems when they were first found in Bahia, the ancient capital. The Marquis de Pombal was a wise man: he saw his country, then enjoying agricultural prosperity, a barren waste, peopled only by those mining for the precious stones, and so he vetoed search for them. The diamonds conquered, however, and he had to yield before a very natural avarice.

Two New Engagements. Several of the venerable Earl of Leicester's immediate descendants have become married or engaged during the current year. The last to do so is Lord Leicester's granddaughter, the Hon. Hilda Strutt, third daughter of Lord and Lady Belper. Her fiancé is Mr. C. T. L. Allix, the eldest son of Mr. C. P. Allix, of Swaffham Prior House, Cambridgeshire. Lord Belper and his family are very popular in Derbyshire; they entertain a good deal at Kingston Hall, which is one of the very few great English country houses recalling a French château in general architecture. A betrothal of interest to the political, and the

Brazil's Missing Crown Jewels. The Brazilian arrested in Lisbon on a charge of having stolen some of the Crown Jewels of his country may have had a good haul. The precise nature of his alleged depredations has not been announced, but certainly they might be considerable. Says one report—"The Crown Jewels consist principally of twelve enormous diamonds and a number of smaller stones, the whole being valued at £80,000." The actual crown of Brazil is an affair of but moderate elaboration, arched, set with pearls, and bearing a

Children of Montmartre. Montmartre, the sacred "Butte," is honoured in the persons of Maurice Donnay, the playwright, who is presently to be numbered amongst the Immortals, and Xavier Privas, a poet whose lyre has often been struck to the wild, wavering notes of Bohemia. Both men are real children of the Mount of Martyrs. Before fame came to him in his plays, Maurice Donnay earned his bread by giving sketches and dialogues at the celebrated cabaret, the Chat Noir. Those were the days when it was the *chic* thing to spend an evening in the odd little concert-room above the café, where Salis and his brilliant artists scorched the town in song and patter. Of the group also was Xavier Privas. Salis was a man of imperious mood who believed that the Chanson Française was superior to anything in the world. He liked to make the *beau monde*, in evening clothes and furs and furbelows, wait in the cold and rain, whilst he opened the concert-room upstairs. But this neglect to ring the curtain up at the proper time was not altogether due to vanity, or even to a natural dilatoriness: it sprang also from a desire to speed the consumption of "bocks" in the café beneath, which also belonged to Salis. The longer the waits, the more the beer drunk, was his principle. One day Jules Lemaitre, the now famous man of letters, said to him, "*Voyons, M. Salis, do you not begin? It is long past half-past nine.*" "*It is half-past nine when I like,*" was the magnificent response of the gentleman cabaretier.



A LORD MAYOR AS STREET-SINGER: ALDERMAN THEWLIS, LORD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER.

The Lord Mayor of Manchester recently sang two songs at a "Court and Alley Concert" before an audience of slum children in a mean street. The entertainments are organised by those interested in the welfare of the poor.

Photograph by Lafayette, Manchester.



THE FORTHCOMING WEDDING OF LADY BRYNMOR JONES'S DAUGHTER: MISS RITA E. MOCATTA, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. HERBERT S. LEON.

Photograph by Thomson.

great Jewish world is that of Miss Rita Mocatta, the pretty, young step-daughter of Sir David Brynmor Jones, to Mr. Herbert S. Leon, of Bletchley Park, Bucks. Through her mother, Miss Mocatta is second cousin to Lord Rosebery's children, and she has a certain look of Lady Crewe. Miss Mocatta often helps her mother to do the honours at great political parties, for Lady Brynmor Jones is one of the leading Liberal hostesses, and, in a social sense, may be said to stand for Liberal Wales.

permitted to suffer any diminution of the *éclat* with which for year after year it has been invested. They have not yet recovered from the shock they experienced when Lord Cadogan drove on to the show-ground with his horses decked out in blue ribbons. The Lord Lieutenant had discovered that blue is really the national colour of Ireland. So really Irishmen ought all to appear at Ball's Bridge with favours of royal blue. Some may. They love, if poor, to do the thing well, as did the winsome colleen whom Douglas Jerrold found stitching at what he took to be an elaborate night-dress. "For a bride, I suppose?" quoth he. "Tis no wedding garment," she answered proudly. "It's my own shroud. Let life bring what it may, please God I'll have a decent wake."



MR. CHARLES T. L. ALLIX, WHO IS TO MARRY THE HON. HILDA STRUTT.

Photograph by Thomson.



THE HON. HILDA STRUTT, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. CHARLES T. L. ALLIX.

Photograph by Thomson.

A Yachting Marchioness.

Lady Camden has been one of the most popular of yachting hostesses this summer, Lord Camden's yacht, the *Gala Mara*, being a particularly delightful boat. The head of the Pratt family is doubly connected with the South of England, not only does he own Bayham Abbey, a beautiful place near Tunbridge Wells, but the young Marchioness is the granddaughter of the venerable Marquis of Abergavenny, and she spent her childhood and girlhood at Eridge Castle, perhaps the most splendid country seat in East Sussex. Lord and Lady Camden have a son and heir, who was seven years old last April.



A POPULAR YACHTING HOSTESS:
LADY CAMDEN.

Lady Camden has entertained largely this season on board her husband's boat, the "*Gala Mara*." She is the grand-daughter of the Marquess of Abergavenny.

Photograph by Russell, Southsea.

little provincial towns. How do these birds find their way back? No man can satisfactorily account for the "homing" instinct. It cannot be so simple a matter as the "fancy" would have us believe. A pigeon with his cerebral hemispheres removed — by accident, let us hope — will still fly. Laid prone, he will get up and preen his ruffled feathers. A slight accident to a man will destroy his sense of equilibrium; but the pigeon, lacking brain, balances himself upon one leg and goes to sleep standing, head under wing, as if nothing ailed him. Brainless, he blinks at the light of a candle at night, yet, like the moth, is attracted by its flame. And next day, again he will fly. Who of the "fancy" or out of it shall resolve for us this seeming paradox?

French Novels.

The publishing season in Paris extends from the first of October to the last day of June, and in those nine months just ended, 1025 books have been published. Of these only 266 were novels, the greatest number having been issued in June 1906, when forty-one were published. November and February came next with thirty-eight, and January had the fewest, only nineteen having been put forth.

On the Boulevards in August.

Paris in August is not the Paris that we love. The tourist abounds; the sun strikes terribly hot upon the asphalt and the stone; the town wears a faded and a jaded air. Nevertheless, there are certain compensations. One is the evening hour upon the Boulevards. A cool breeze has sprung up and there is the attraction of the passing life. Every oddity in the place springs from his hiding-place to say "Bon soir!" to the visitor. First, there is the "camelot," vendor of newspapers and a hundred trifles. As a news-seller he is beyond compare. "Ach'tez le Petit Boulevardier!" he cries; "more lies than any other paper!" His contents-bill is hand-painted and contains items that have no place in the sheet he is selling. We know that "camelot" of old. During the Boer War he defeated the English with horrible losses each evening, and when Madame Humbert fled from the button-hook and the empty safe, he arrested her with praiseworthy regularity many weeks before Reuter transmitted the intelligence. One of the strangest of these figures in Paris is an old gentleman whose physiognomy recalls that of one of the Apostles. He is an altruist of the first water, and it is his habit to give away everything he receives, whether it is sous or boots, valuable or worthless.



MASCOT TO AN AMERICAN FLEET:
MISS EDITH DEACON.

Miss Edith Deacon is the mascot of Admiral "Bob" Evans's Fleet. She has just been officially appointed to the position.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



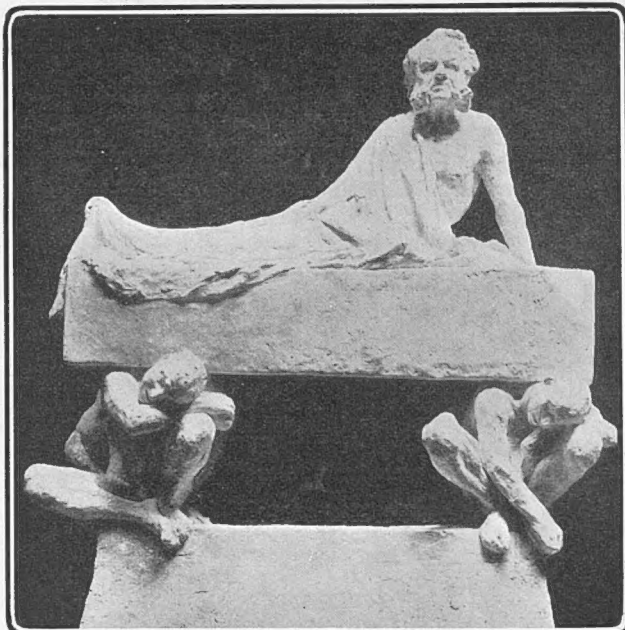
DID THE CAT, THE CREW, OR THE CRAFT WIN THE KING'S CUP AND THE KAISER'S CUP FOR SIR MAURICE FITZGERALD? THE "*SATANITA*"'S OWNER AND CREW, AND THE MASCOT BLACK CAT.

At the recent Cowes Regatta, Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's "*Satanita*" performed an unparalleled feat by winning both the King's and the Kaiser's cup. During the races she carried a black cat as a mascot, and this lucky animal has come in for so much publicity that people are beginning to wonder whether it was not wholly responsible for the yacht's success.

Photograph by Kirk and Sons, Cowes.

The First Lady in India.

When she went to Canada, Lady Minto had a difficult position to fill in following the Countess of Aberdeen. Her task was no lighter when, proceeding to India upon her husband, the Earl of Minto, succeeding as Viceroy, she had to follow in the wake of the late Lady Curzon. Such an era of semi-regal splendour as the Curzon régime India had not known for many a day. But, if there is less of regal ceremonial these days, there is no question as to the success of Lady Minto. She was bred in the atmosphere of the Court, her father having been for many years private secretary to Queen Victoria. She has the priceless genius for doing the right thing at the right moment. That, of course, is vastly important in India, even more so than in Canada. But that is not all. She has that unfeigned kindness of heart, that genuine sympathy with her sex and with the children, which build



THE PROPOSED STATUE TO IBSEN.

It is proposed to erect a statue to Ibsen in Christiania. Our photograph shows the design submitted by M. Gustav Vigeland. We do not consider it necessary to discuss the artistic merits of the work.

Photograph by Adolfo Croce.

a golden pathway for her everywhere. We hear little of her work over here, but it is known in the East. There is an amazingly warm testimony in the autobiography of the late Amir to the work of Lady Dufferin in India—one would never have thought that he was aware of it. We may venture to predict that the present Amir, when he meets Lord and Lady Minto a couple of months hence, will be no less delighted and impressed by the kindness and skilfully directed philanthropic effort of the wife of the new Viceroy.

the present, Queen Victoria must also be keenly interested in it, for amongst its tenants have been Mr. Orr-Ewing, whose youngsters were amongst the greatest friends of her brothers and herself, and she must know it well. So, royal memories, and particularly personal royal memories, cluster about it. It rests on the summit of the hill that rises to the eastward of Cowes, and, like Osborne itself, is best viewed from the water.

Norfolk's New Lord Lieutenant.

To a Coke a Coke succeeds. The veteran Earl of Leicester has resigned his post as Lord Lieutenant of the County of Norfolk, and his eldest son, Viscount Coke, now reigns in his stead. Lord Coke has had a distinguished military career of some length. He is

"Ranji" as a Nawanagar may be congratulated upon the chance of having "Ranji" as its Jam, and the famous cricketer upon the possibility of a valuable inheritance. It is not often

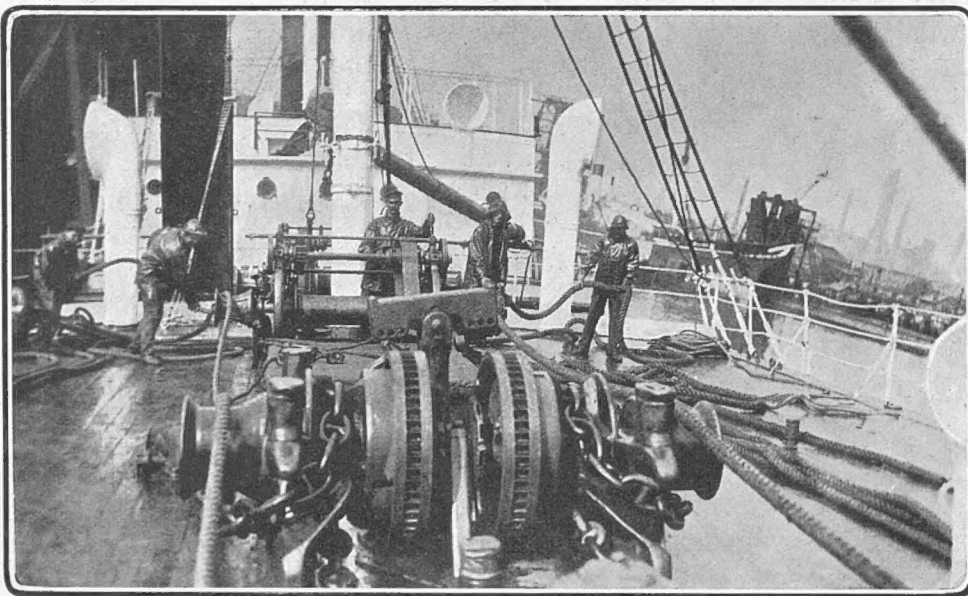


SKIPPER OF THE VESSEL THAT IS SAILING TO "DIAMOND" ISLAND: CAPTAIN GREY, OF THE "XEMA."

The destination of the vessel commanded by Captain Grey is thought to be an island off the West Coast of Africa.

Photograph by Halfones, Ltd.

that an Indian State finds itself on the verge of being ruled by a first-class cricketer; not often that a first-class cricketer sees himself—in his mind's eye—head of a district with a population of some fifty-three or fifty-four thousand, to say nothing of desirable beds of pearl-oysters. There is a fort, too, and an army, though, to tell the truth, the latter is never likely to stagger humanity—it consists, in fact, of just one-hundred-and-two cavalry, unembarrassed by infantry, or transport. Nawanagar itself figures low down on the list of India's principal towns (including cantonments)—which starts with Calcutta, with a population of 1,026,987, and Bombay, with 776,006, and



ON BOARD THE "MYSTERY" VESSEL THAT IS ON ITS WAY TO "DIAMOND" ISLAND: ON THE DECK OF THE "XEMA."

The "Xema" has been chartered to carry the representatives of a syndicate who are bent on searching an un-named island, believed to be off the West Coast of Africa, for diamonds. It is said that the island in question was discovered by a Welsh seaman, who told its story to his captain, from whom it passed to a member of the De Beers Company. Amongst those who are financing the venture are said to be Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, Lord Aberdare, the Marquis of Tweeddale, Prince F. Duleep Singh, Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

ends with Cuttack and 51,364 souls—and ranks but seventh from the end. Prince Ranjitsinhji is the adopted son of the late Jam's father, and, until set aside at the birth of the late Jam, was in the line of succession. There are now no direct heirs.

King Alfonso and Norris Castle.

An' it be true that the youthful King of Spain, fascinated by the beauties, and, possibly, the associations of Cowes, is to purchase Norris Castle, Osborne will have his Most Catholic Majesty as immediate neighbour, for the grounds of the two places touch. There was once a story that Queen Victoria—our Queen Victoria—was casting longing eyes on the fine, ivy-hung castle, and that she intended to buy it, no doubt that she might revive visions of the childhood days she spent there with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, but nothing more was heard of the matter. The other,



THE FIRST FRENCH LADY TO WRITE A TRAGEDY: MME. LUCIE DELARUE-MARDRUS.

Mme. Delarue-Mardrus's play, "Sappho Desespérée," was produced the other day in the open-air theatre at Orange. The work, which is in verse, is in two acts.

a former Colonel of the Scots Guards, and saw active service in the Egyptian Campaign of '82 and the Suakim Expedition of '94. In the latter year he retired, but during the South African War he buckled on his sword again, and was in the field with his eldest son, who now represents the family in his father's old regiment. He is not an ardent politician, but, if anything, he inclines towards Liberalism, thus following his father, who did not join the ranks of the Liberal-Unionists until Mr. Gladstone brought forward the Home Rule Bill. Lord Coke, who is eight-and-fifty, married the Hon. Alice White, sister of Lord Annaly, in 1879, and has four children—three sons and a daughter.

A FAIRY ISLAND FOR THE LITTLE CROWN PRINCE OF NORWAY:
FORTINBRAS, GODO SOUND.



1. KING HAAKON'S YACHT ANCHORED OFF FORTINBRAS.

3. THE SOUTH FRONT OF FORTINBRAS.

2. FORTINBRAS, FORMERLY CALLED SOLSTRAALEÖ, THE ISLAND HOME RECENTLY PRESENTED TO PRINCE OLAF OF NORWAY.

The beautiful island of Solstraaleö, now known as Fortinbras, was recently presented to little Prince Olaf of Norway by Miss Ada Musgrove, an English lady, to whom Mr. John Musgrove gave it three years ago. A short time ago Miss Musgrove wrote to Queen Maud, and offered the island to her Majesty's son. The gift was accepted, and King Haakon and Queen Maud recently visited the place. The island, which is now luxuriantly wooded and has beautiful ornamental grounds, was a wilderness some fifteen years ago, and owes its present state to Mr. Musgrove.—[Photographs taken specially for 'The Sketch']



AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Turkish Succession.

The question of the succession to thrones now occupied by sonless monarchs is peace and concord compared with the trouble appearing upon the horizon in Turkey. The question of succession was the one thing Mahomet forgot. The Ottoman Empire is ruled in accordance with the Koran, so far as it goes, but there being no specific direction as to who should succeed, early Sultans fought their way to an agreement that it should be the oldest surviving relative of the ruler. Thus Mehemmed-Reshad Effendi, Abdul Hamid's brother, is heir-apparent, but Mehemmed Burhan Eddin Effendi, a younger son of Abdul Hamid, is the favourite. The contest must be distressing to the Sultan's brother, for it has been a popular practice to murder all the Sultan's relations, in order to secure the throne to his own offspring. The course was legalised by an edict promulgated by Murad II., and a later edict, forbidding members of the royal family to take any share in the affairs of the nation, still holds good. There is a host of monuments among the imperial tombs with carved turbans inclined slightly to the left, indicating that those who sleep beneath died murdered to prevent their succeeding to the throne.

In the Doggy Acre.

The conjunction of ideas may seem brutal, but from those tragic tales in Turkish stone, thought leaps, by way of the new Dogs' Home which we are to have at Battersea, to a scene which provoked the wrath of Macaulay. He had been out with two pretty girls, with whom conversation had been ruined by the attendance of a couple of quarrelsome curs. When, therefore, he paid a visit to Oatlands, and saw the dogs' cemetery which the then Duchess of York had had constructed, with its four and sixty tombs of departed pets, each with its headstone and rhymed epitaph, he was in no mood for sentiment. He was, indeed, "disgusted by this exceeding folly." He had thought better of the Duchess. But by-and-by he made a discovery—a discovery which might be remembered by those who pester royalty with unwanted gifts. He found that Lady Dufferin and Mrs. Norton were responsible for the verses, and that the cloud of witnesses to the former existence of departed dogs was accountable for by the fact that the Duchess was "plagued to death" by presents of dogs. She had, of course, politely to receive them, but that done, a dose of opium qualified the gifts for their place beneath a verse-inscribed tombstone in the doggy acre.

Life Prolonged by Pigeons.

"Who died first?" the Court was asked the other day to decide. Upon the point turned the disposition of property left by a woman who was murdered. More than once the destination of an estate has been determined by the event of a second. An incident of the kind occurred in

the history of the Sheffield family. A maternal ancestor, Sir Roger Hill, lay dying. In the same room was his son, also at the point of death. The family estate was, of course, the father's; if the son died first, his wife and children could not inherit, the property would pass into another branch of the family. The son must outlive his father to inherit and sign a will making over the property to his wife. It became a question of moments as to which of the two men would last the longer. The son's wife killed pigeon after pigeon, and encased her husband's feet in their warm bodies. As one chilled she applied another. The pigeons won. The son survived his father long enough to execute a will making over to his wife the property inherited by him a few minutes earlier.



MRS. RUSSELL SAGE, WHO HAS INHERITED THE GREATER PART OF HER LATE HUSBAND'S WEALTH, AND IS NOW THE RICHEST WOMAN IN THE UNITED STATES.

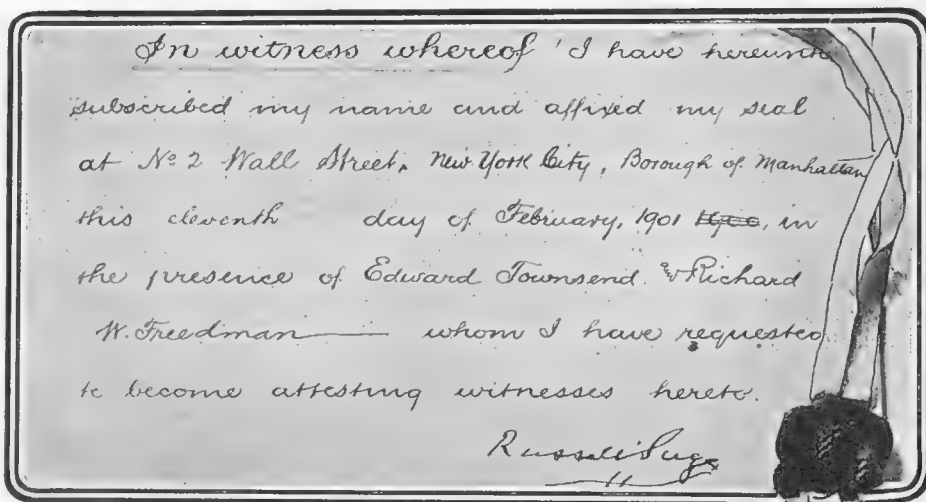
Mr. Russell Sage left nearly all his property to his wife, and Mrs. Sage, who is now 77, is beginning, it is said, to distribute the vast estate in charity. This move, however, may be frustrated by the claimants referred to under the other illustration on this page.—[Photo, Topical Agency].

The Clue Artistic.

If artists are not to be allowed to sketch in Court, the police will not forget that the sketch-book is a valuable aid to the detection of crime. One of many instances is recorded of Mulready, who, when very poor, was held up by a footpad where Westbourne Grove now stands. Having a pistol ready, the thief was able to take all the artist had, but at the same time Mulready memorised his man's features, and immediately afterwards committed the likeness to paper. Next morning he handed over his sketch to Bow Street. The face was that of a man unknown to the police, but a few nights later they summoned Mulready in haste to identify a man whom they had arrested. He was able to recognise his man again, though his costume had been altered. The police had him now for the robbery of the Southwark Bridge toll-house and the murder of its keeper, and he died, hanged.

The Cost of America's Lynchings.

Uncle Sam would be richer in pocket, as well as easier in his mind, if he now backed up the North Carolina Governor who is making a stand against lynching. It costs our Transatlantic cousins £14 per day, year in and year out, in blood-money. During the last twenty years the United States have had to disburse nearly £100,000 in indemnities for the brutalities perpetrated in the name of lynch-law. China has received some £80,000 for the murder of her subjects in Wyoming, and on the Pacific Coast Italy has thrice been indemnified; while the arm of Great Britain has been thrust into Louisiana and Nebraska to exact compensation for violence inflicted upon British subjects. In all save one case America has paid "out of humane consideration, without reference to the question of liability therefor." But she has not paid willingly. The lynching of Italians in New Orleans brought her to the verge of war with Italy. Diplomatic negotiations were actually broken off. Happily, matters did not go so far as that the other day over the shooting of the Japanese seal-pirates.



AN ERASURE THAT MAY CAUSE A GREAT LAW SUIT: PART OF THE LATE MR. RUSSELL SAGE'S WILL, SHOWING THE DATE "1900" ALTERED TO "1901."

It is thought possible in America that Mr. Russell Sage's will, which leaves the greater part of his estate to his wife, will be disputed by some of his five-and-thirty relatives, on the ground that it has been altered by a hand other than that of the testator. Writing of the illustration here given, an American journal says: "This is a reproduction of the last clause of the late financier's will, with the change in date upon which a contest is likely to be based. It is evident that the fourth line, beginning 'this eleventh,' was filled in after the three lines preceding it, and the three lines following it were written. The wide spacing between 'eleventh' and 'day' shows that room had been left to fill in a hyphenated numeral. The third line, ending with 'Borough of Manhattan' was apparently crowded to make room for this fourth line, which looks as if it had been left blank originally, with the exception of the year '1900,' subsequently expunged with three lateral strokes. It is clear that the written-in '1901' and the crossed out '1900' are not the work of the same hand."—[Photo, Illustrations Bureau].

♣ ♣ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ♣ ♣



THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE'S "FIRST LOVE"; FRAÜLEIN RETA WALTER.

In view of the fact that the baby son of the German Crown Prince and Princess is soon to be christened, it is recalled that his Highness's "first love" was Fraulein Reta Walter, the popular German actress, whose portrait we give—so, at least, says a rumour circulated in Vienna.



"ALFONSO ETCETERA"; KING CARLOS' YOUNGER BROTHER.

The Royal House of Portugal is well dowered with Christian names; King Carlos has 13; his eldest son, 17; and his second son, 13. His Majesty's younger brother has so many that the King once dubbed him "Alfonso Etcetera," the "etcetera" standing for no less than twenty-one names.



AN ACTRESS WHO HAS JOINED A TOMB-STONE SOCIETY; Mlle. DICKA.

Mlle. Dicka, the French-actress, has, it is said, joined the Universal Memorial Insurance Society recently formed in Vienna. The object of the society is to secure the erection of a monument to the memory of every member after death. Each member must report his or her "extraordinary acts" each year.



A 14,000-LB. SHARK CAUGHT IN SAN PEDRO BAY.

The monster shark here shown weighs 14,000 lbs., and measures from tip to tip 32 feet. The circumference of the body just above the dorsal fin is 15 feet. The mouth is 2½ feet across. The shark became enmeshed in some 1,500 feet of the net belonging to two Italian fishermen.—[From the "Scientific American"]



THE MOST COSTLY BALLAST IN THE WORLD.

The railway illustrated boasts, according to the *New York World*, that it uses a ballast more costly than that adopted by any other railway in the world. It has ebony sleepers, and ballast of silver ore drawn from the old mines beside the track.



A MAN WHO WILL ONLY WEAR TORN CLOTHES.

This Natal native is apparently bent on setting a new fashion, and refuses to appear in clothes that are not literally "things of shreds and patches."



A TELEPHONE THAT ENABLES YOU TO SEE THE PERSON YOU ARE TALKING TO.

An American has just invented a telephone which enables those talking to see one another. The faces are reflected on a glass placed below the mouthpiece.



WHY NOT STRAW COATS FOR LONDON SCAVENGERS?

A writer in the *North China Herald* suggests seriously that the L.C.C. should adopt the rain-coat, worn by Chinese coolies, for use among their scavengers.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



THE PLAYERS AND THE PRESS.

THE connection between the sea-serpent, big gooseberries, and the dramatic critics is not obvious at first sight; but there must be one, seeing that what scoffers call the "Silly Season" generally introduces a discussion on one or all of these topics. At the moment, Mr. Bouchier is taking a holiday, recuperating *pour mieux sauter* on his critics, but before going away he has fired his bomb at us. It cannot be said that he charged it with any novelty in the way of high explosive compounds. He proposes certain reforms in the way of dramatic criticism, and hints, a little darkly, that he is spokesman of the managers in the matter. Of course there may have been a meeting and a discussion and a resolution, and the manager of the Garrick perhaps represents the heterogeneous collection of units called the "London Managers," who have, on two or more occasions, showed themselves capable of concerted action. The proposed reforms are that there should no longer be first-night criticism, that our articles should be signed, that we should be competent for our work, and that the newspapers should pay for their seats. It is rather hard upon a journalist in search of matter for his "copy" that Mr. Bouchier has not some proposal with a little more novelty. I can hardly remember a time when these very reforms or alterations were not put forward and discussed, and I do not imagine that any of us will be able to trot out anything novel on the topic.

The one suggestion of the group worth a few words is that the newspapers should pay for their seats. Does Mr. Bouchier really think that the finances of the papers worth considering are such that the matter of the hundred pounds or so a year involved would make the slightest difference? To suggest such a thing is to exhibit a rather quaint ignorance. During late years editors have treated theatrical news as a matter of importance, and this has given to some members of the profession a rather extravagant view of their value, so that they have come to something like a delusion as to the exact relations between the Press, the Stage and the World.

Suppose one were to consider for a moment what would happen and which would suffer if, in consequence either of the action of the newspapers or of the profession, a law were passed preventing the Press from writing about the theatres and the players, except in the way of strict criticisms upon new plays? Many paragraphists would find their occupation gone, and would have to discover another—that is all.

Now suppose we look to the other side of the question. It is possible that the effect on the drama itself would be beneficial: it

can hardly be doubted that it is bad for the profession that there should be over-much publicity concerning its members—publicity quite capable of causing some of those concerned to lose their sense of proportion. Things have changed extraordinarily since the mid-Victorian days which I recollect. Then, in the judgment of a good many critics—I offer no opinion of my own—English acting was in a sounder state than it is at present. Yet with two or

three brilliant exceptions the English players were persons of comparative obscurity. People outside the range of the theatre-struck could not, off-hand, have told you even the names of half-a-dozen living players, and concerning them and their habits and their families the general public knew nothing. In the big provincial cities people spoke with awe and ignorance of the few of the stars who paid occasional visits, and with ignorance and without awe of several prominent members of the local stock company. Nowadays the ordinary man in the motor-bus could tell you the names of fifty players; he knows to whom each of them is married; and can probably tell you the number of their children, the names of their dogs, and whether they have gone in for the new fad of drinking China tea. This sort of thing, this knowledge, this curiosity has developed to a fantastic extent. I have met people with a prodigiously intimate knowledge concerning unimportant players—if any player can be unimportant—whom they have never seen and do not wish to see. This, however, is a kind of aberration. On the whole, this needless knowledge breeds curiosity, and helps to fill the theatres, particularly in the provinces. It is very often the personality rather than the talent of a player which constitutes his or her chief asset, and this personality really means no more than the sum of knowledge possessed by the average newspaper reader concerning the domestic detail of the life of the person in question. An indirect result, no doubt, has been an increase of salaries, which I, for one, certainly do not grudge, since I do not

pay. Following upon this is great increase in cost of production: that is one of the causes of the unhealthy state of the drama; and yet, though the rate of salaries has increased, and actors have been almost forced to adopt a more luxurious standard of living than that of their predecessors, there is no doubt about the fact that of late years there has been a shocking amount of distress in the profession. A moderate salary with a humbler standard of life and a little obscurity would probably enable many of our players to devote themselves more earnestly to their profession and lead to greater constancy of employment. Perhaps, after all, I have wandered a little from my point. I rather proposed to show that a Press conspiracy of silence would hurt the profession;—apparently it would be beneficial.



THE JEWISH "KING LEAR": MR. JACOB P. ADLER, WHO PLAYS DAVID MOSCHELES, THE MODERN "KING LEAR."

The Yiddish drama founded on "King Lear," and originally produced a few years ago in New York, was presented at the Pavilion Theatre, Mile End, last week, with Mr. Jacob P. Adler, the well-known Jewish actor, in the chief role, David Moscheles. The modern "King Lear" ends with repentance and forgiveness.

Photograph by the Photo. Press Agency.

WHAT COULD SHE HAVE MEANT?



HE: What a number of parties your sister must go to. She's always out when I call.

SHE: Yes; she's the lucky one.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

EXPECTED TO MEET RAPHAEL!

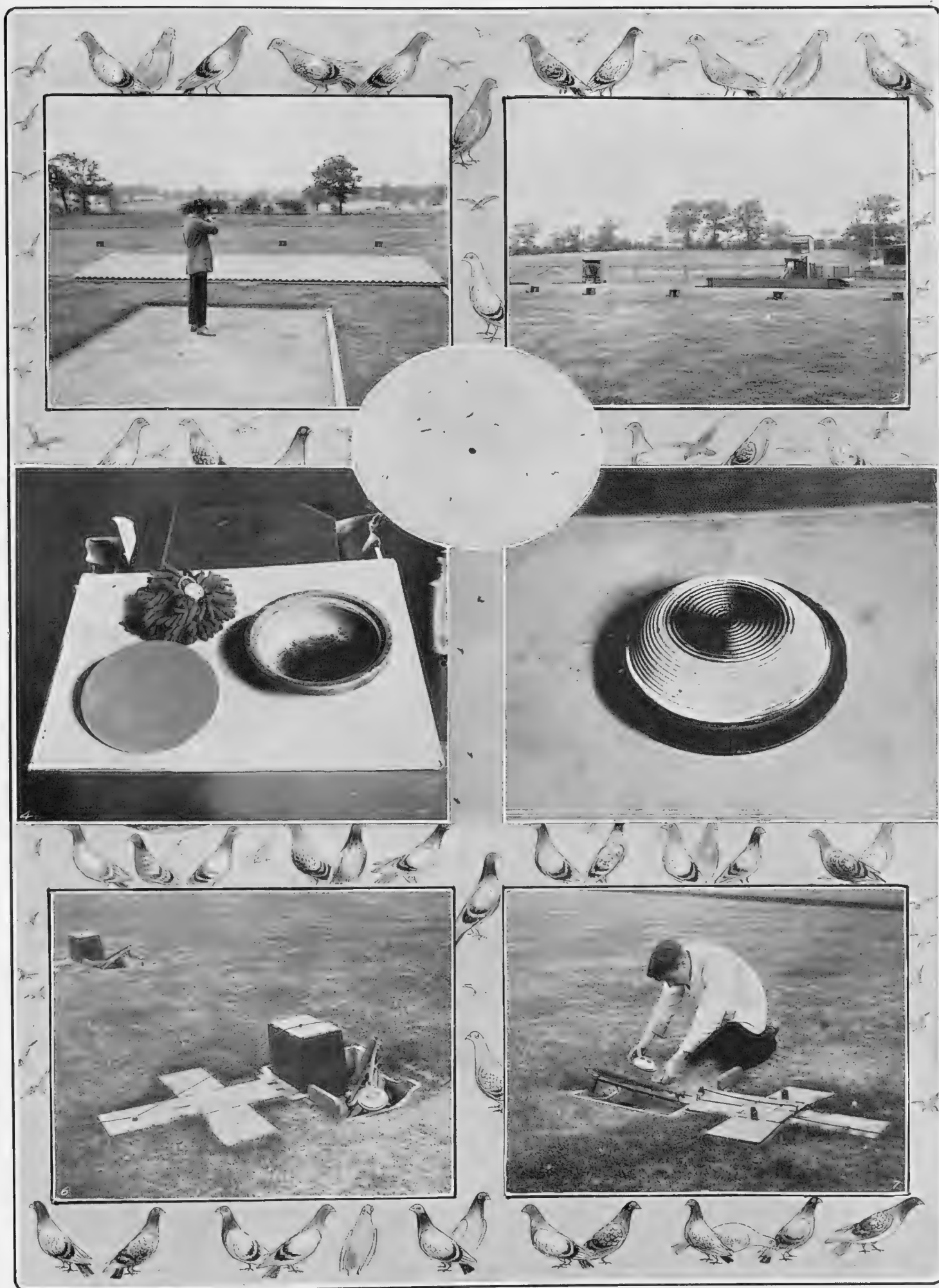


MRS. MUCHCASH: Yes. We were 'orribly disappointed. Me an' my 'usband went to Italy, specially to be painted 'by one of them old masters, an' when we got there we found they were all dead.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

PIGEON - SHOOTING — NEW STYLE:

THE LATEST FORM OF "BIRD."



1. READY FOR THE "BIRD."
2. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUND.
3. THE "PARACHUTE" (X) DESCENDING AFTER A GOOD HIT.

4. THE "BIRD," SHOWING THE WOOLLEN "PARACHUTE" WITH THE LEAD DISC THAT BRINGS IT TO THE GROUND (I), AND THE CARDBOARD COVER (II).

5. THE "BIRD" READY FOR FLIGHT.
6. THE "BIRD" AWAITING RELEASE.
7. A "TRAPPER" PLACING A "BIRD" ON A SPRING.

The new form of clay-pigeon shooting is to be seen at the London Sporting Club, Hendon. It was described in a recent issue of "The Sketch," and we here repeat some of the information then given: "They are beginning to use a new device by which an artificial pigeon is sprung from a dummy pigeon-box and flies to a wire-fence boundary some thirty yards away. The new pigeon carries a leaden disc with an orange tassel, and if it be fairly broken by the shot, tassel and disc fall to the ground together. A bad shot that would be calculated to do no more than wound a living bird will not smash the clay and so release the tassel; consequently it counts as a miss. To add to the interest of this development, the bird can be sent from the traps at a pace unknown to the ordinary blue rock, and the man who can drop two tassels in three shots may reckon himself quite safe to account for a large proportion of the birds he is likely to encounter during the season."

Photographs taken specially for "The Sketch" by the Topical Press.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

TIBBIE SHIELDS, who for many years kept an unpretentious but cosy inn among the hills at the head of the Yarrow Vale, holds her own place in Scottish literary history. Among her guests and friends were Sir Walter Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Christopher North. Tibbie lived till July 1878, when she died at the advanced age of seventy-five. There are many who remember her and her talk, and one of them commemorates her in *Chambers' Journal*. The visitors' books have been kept since 1848, and they contain some well-known names. Tibbie thought kindly of the Ettrick Shepherd, and was wont to say of him that "he was a gey sensible man in some things, for a' the nonsense that he wrote." She "remembered well the occasion when Scott visited Ettrickhall under the guidance of Willie Laidlaw, to make the acquaintance of the Shepherd, and the eagerness with which he listened to the talk of the Shepherd's mother in regard to old Border songs and ballads, of which she had a goodly store. As a neighbour, Tibbie watched by the sickbed of her friend; she was present in the room at Altrive Lake when the Shepherd breathed his last, and no one was more interested than she was in the proceedings of that day when his statue, overlooking her home, was inaugurated." It was a neighbour of Tibbie's, the tenant of Bowerhope Farm, who, after walking across the hills from Ettrick Church, where the minister had been descanting upon the glories of a better world, quietly remarked to a friend as he came in sight of his home by the margin of the lake: "Ministers may talk o' the New Jerusalem as they like. Commend me to Boorhope. I cud tak' a tack o't to a' eternity."

In the same periodical, Mr. W. T. Linskill recalls St. Andrews links in the glorious days of young Tom Morris. The old golf-course in St. Andrews is the best in the world, and Tommy was, perhaps, the best golfer who ever played upon it. He had a truly magnificent circular sweeping swing, and he hit the ball with every bit of power he had at his command and with the greatest possible precision and accuracy. So very hard did he strike that his Balmoral bonnet tumbled off at most of his long shots. He had extremely powerful wrists, and his approaching and pitching were deadly. He specially excelled at putting; it was a case of in or stone-dead at every green. In those days the greens were a bit smaller and the holes a trifle bigger, but they were very much rougher. To see him handle his putter was a perfect revelation. Away went the ball, firmly hit, and as straight as an arrow; then came the familiar expression of those days—"Dook"—and lo! the gutta was at the bottom of the hole. What might not Tommy have done now with our present perfected clubs and the new rubber-cored ball?

It is now some four years since Lionel Johnson died. Well known as he was in London literary circles, his name is rarely mentioned now, and there are few who read his volumes of verse or his essay on "The Art of Thomas Hardy." He was indeed peculiarly unfortunate. In him the struggle between the ideal and the real was more than usually hard, and he succumbed to it early, for he was little more than thirty when he died. Many who knew and admired him will read with pleasure an intelligent study of his work by Katherine Brégy, in the *Catholic World*. Miss Brégy says that though he was born of Protestant

parents, Johnson was a Catholic almost from the first. His appeal was ever to the best. From his days at Winchester he was a classicist, and the best that had been known, and thought became for him the touchstone by which he tried all personal achievement. His attitude to a living genius was one of wistful appreciation, though he would say, "About contemporary voices there is an element of uncertainty not undelightful, but forbidding the perfection of faith." He wrote in the end of one of his criticisms—"We prophesy and wait." Miss Brégy might have said more about Lionel Johnson's exceptional knowledge of the eighteenth century. It is somewhat surprising that Mr. John Lane does not collect some of Johnson's critical papers: they were the best things he ever wrote.



THE LATE MRS. CRAIGIE ("JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.")

Mrs. Craigie, so well-known to the novel-reading and theatre-going world as "John Oliver Hobbes," died with startling suddenness on Monday of last week. She complained of feeling very tired on the Sunday evening, but was, apparently, quite well. On the Monday morning, her maid could get no answer to her knock, and entered by a side door, to find her mistress dead. The symptoms pointed to heart failure, but an inquest was ordered at once.

Photograph by "The Sketch."

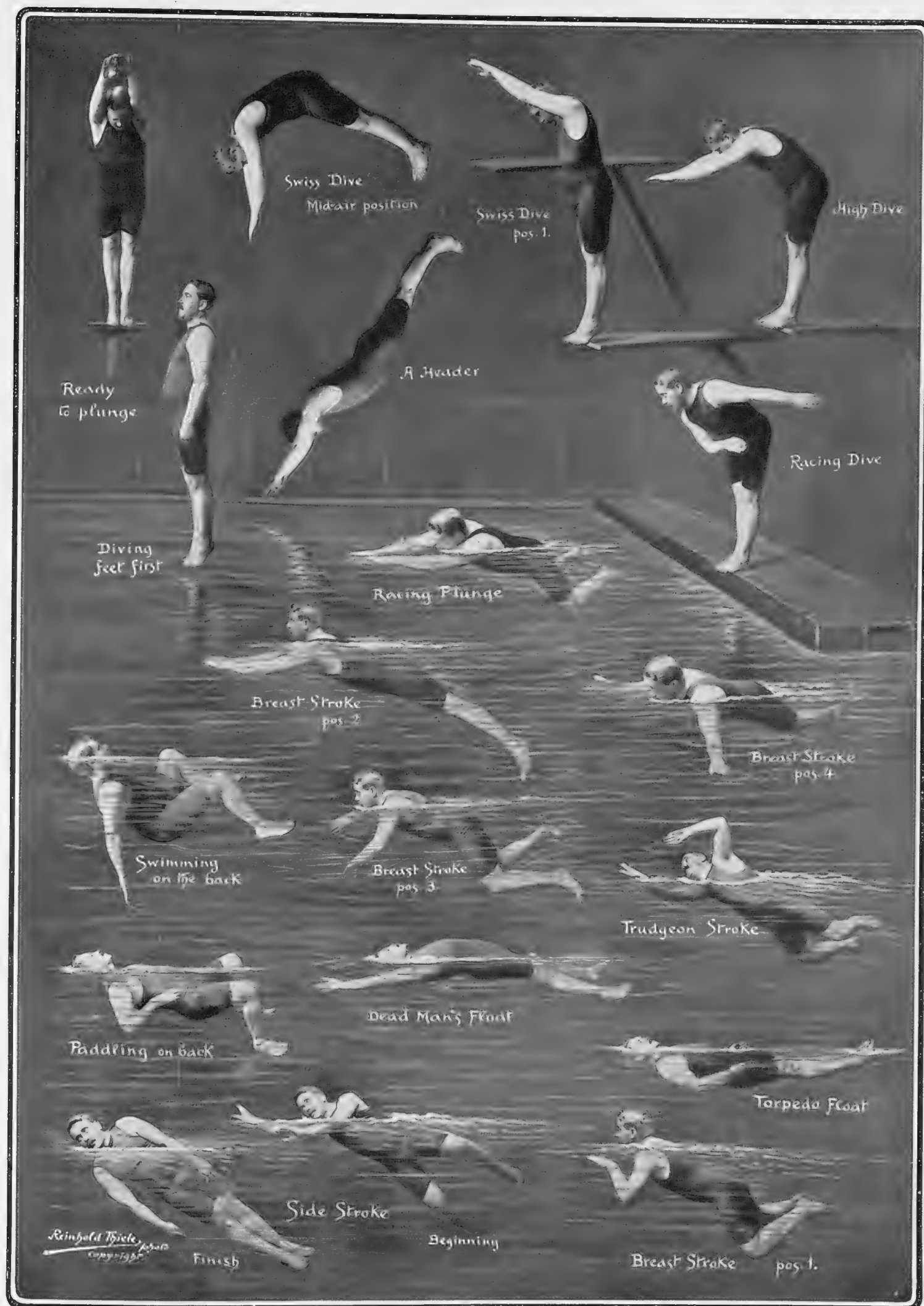
A candidate for a University degree was undergoing an examination in English. He had been instructed to write out examples of the indicative, the subjunctive, the potential, and the exclamatory moods. His efforts resulted as follows: "I am endeavouring to pass an English examination. If I answer twenty questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve questions I may pass. God help me!"

The magazine world both in this country and in America shows signs of disturbance. There are winding-sheets high up some breasts. In America the *Critic* has been abandoned after a very long and gallant struggle. Miss Jeannette Gilder and her brother, Mr. J. B. Gilder, ran the paper as a weekly and a fortnightly, and they succeeded in making it very readable and very welcome. W. E. Henley was for a time the London correspondent. At last it became a monthly, and was published by Messrs. Putnam. A very good monthly it was—genial, personal, and never without contributions of substantial value. It is now to be replaced by *Putnam's Monthly*, in which an attempt will be made to produce a high-class periodical at a popular price.

Professor Lounsbury writes suggestively on the hostility to certain words, the organised onslaught made by large numbers upon some unfortunate word or construction with the intent of driving it entirely out of print. "Female" is such a word. It is now turned out of doors by every corrector of the Press. But there was a time when it

was to be met everywhere in good society. For example, Goldsmith writes in the "Deserted Village": "Where the poor houseless, shivering female lies." Even Charles Lamb used it of his own sister, and it turns up regularly in Sir Walter Scott. Jane Austen wrote in a letter, "I think I may boast myself with all possible vanity to be the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress." Now the word is under the ban, though it is perhaps wanted. It is not a synonym, for "woman" applies to one who has reached a fair age, and could not be applied to a small child. But "female" belongs to all ages from the infant to the grandmother. There is a sentence in a letter of Motley which will show its place. He is explaining to his mother that he was in the habit of getting up at daylight, which at that time of year was about seven o'clock. "Little Mary and I and Susy," he added, "have a cup of coffee at that hour together, the two other females not rising so early." In this instance it is obvious that neither "women" nor "ladies" would have expressed what the writer had in his mind to say. O. O.

THE COOLEST SUMMER SPORT.



PHOTOGRAPHIC HINTS TO THE SWIMMER.

Copyright Photographs by Reinhold Thiele.

"EH, WHAT!"



TEMPTATION.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

A NOVEL
IN
A NUTSHELL.

LÆTITIA CARSTAIRS, B.Sc.,
AND ANOTHER.

By NORA ALEXANDER.



I.

PRUDENCE CARLYLE picked her way daintily, yet with a certain air of determination, across the wet sands to within speaking distance of the only other visible human being.

"Lætitia!" she called.

The damsel so addressed was, to all appearance, engaged with purely infantile implements in a purely infantile pastime.

"Hullo!" she responded with unfeminine brevity, and without looking up from her digging.

"There's a man at the top of the cliff, and he's been staring at you for ever so long."

Miss Lætitia Carstairs, B.Sc., dropped her spade where she sat, and, clasping her bare arms round her equally bare ankles, complacently surveyed the score or so of patches of dishevelled sand that bore evidence to her diligence.

"Haven't I done a lot, Prue?" she demanded, ignoring the information just conveyed to her. "I ought to come on him soon, if I've any luck."

"But," pursued Prue, "there's that man, and that bathing-dress of yours—I'm not at all sure that it's—well, quite decent."

Letty rose slowly, and her grey eyes travelled demurely down to her bare pink toes.

"I've heard," she observed, "that it's—well—'deuced becoming."

"Lætitia!"

"Oh! he didn't know I heard him," explained that damsel airily.

"He!" ejaculated Prue.

"Even he," mimicked the girl, with a gay little laugh. "For you see, my dear Prue, there are such things as men in existence, and one occasionally comes across them, even on scien—. Oh! did you see him?"

She was down on her knees in an instant, driving a rod into the yielding sand.

"Certainly not," said her companion severely; "if I had—"

"There!" interrupted Lætitia triumphantly, as with a quick deft movement she hauled up her rod. "Isn't he a beauty?"

"Good gracious, child! I thought you meant the man!"

"What man?" inquired Lætitia absently, as she carefully placed her latest treasure in the bucket by her side.

"The man who made quite unnecessary comments on your get-up."

Letty glanced casually over her shoulder at the offending male.

"There's three hundred feet between us," she observed serenely. "He can't see much."

"If," said Prue witheringly, "you are referring to your garments, that's true. They can't be said to be exactly voluminous. Really, your appearance—"

"That," interrupted Letty, shaking back the red-brown curls from her sun-kissed cheeks, "is my misfortune, not my fault. And, Prue," she added, teasingly, "there's nothing like science for the complexion. It keeps you out in all weathers, you see, and gives you plenty of exercise."

"It does that," admitted Prue ruefully, letting her gaze wander up the three hundred feet of precipitous cliff she had been "morally compelled," as she herself expressed it, to descend. "What I really came to say was, how much longer are you going to be?"

Lætitia seized upon her bucket and spade and executed a *pas seul*, looking more like an embodiment of mischievous childhood than a young woman who had earned the right to the magic letters B.Sc. after her name.

"Prue," she declared breathlessly, when she had finished, "I'm going to find that Balanoglossus or die for it. Give me another hour, and then I'll come."

But barely half of the time had elapsed before a shout mentally designated as "Red Indian" by Prue startled the stillness of the cove, and Lætitia, waving her arms frantically, came dancing shorewards.

"Prue," she cried, "I've found him. Oh, I could just shout!"

"You're doing that already," commented Prue drily.

"So would you!" retorted Lætitia, "if—"

"No, I shouldn't, my dear. In the first place, I shouldn't spend a whole glorious summer day digging about for a miserable—"

"He's the missing link," began Lætitia loftily.

"Oh, go and get into your missing garments," besought Prue.

Letty dived obediently into a cave, reappearing in something under five minutes "clothed, and in her right mind," as she laughingly declared; and together they commenced the ascent. It was by no means an easy climb, for besides being very steep in places, the rocks had an uncomfortable trick of crumbling away even beneath their light weight. Arrived at last to within ten feet of the road above, they came to a standstill simultaneously.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Prue, while Lætitia merely whistled.

The man above raised his cap.

"I've been waiting to help you up," he explained; "if you'll allow me?"

Prue regarded the smooth, steep incline of rock with a blank stare; then turned wrathfully to Lætitia.

"We—er—slid down," began that young woman, a delicious dimple appearing in the small uplifted chin.

"Exactly," agreed the young man, his blue eyes twinkling; "but you can't slide up?"

"No," admitted Prue, after a long pause. "What do you propose to do?"

He swung himself over the railing that guarded the unwary from travelling into another world, and clinging on with one hand reached down as far as he could with the other.

"Now," he directed, "go back as far as you can and get a bit of a run, and I'll catch your hand and swing you up."

"Isn't that rather risky?" questioned Letty.

"It would be—if you pulled me over," he admitted.

"You'll have to leave that—*thing*, whatever his name is, behind," announced Prue, with a touch of delighted malice in her tones.

"I'd sooner leave myself," asserted Letty indignantly. "Have you got a bit of string?" she asked.

He felt obediently in all his pockets, and finally produced a boot-lace.

"Please be very careful," she pleaded, as she fixed the dangling end to the bucket, "and whatever you do, don't spill it."

Geoffrey Forsyth assured her earnestly that he would sooner spill his life's blood, but owing to his watching a pair of grey eyes and a little dimpled chin to the exclusion of everything else, the precious bucket bumped against a projecting rock, and lost a large proportion of its contents.

Letty's face was a study of mingled indignation and dismay.

"Oh," she cried, "I do hope the Balanoglossus hasn't gone! If it has—please help me up at once!"

She stepped back, and running a little way up the smooth incline caught his brown hand with hers. The fact that his clasp was closer than was absolutely necessary was lost on her as she seized upon her treasures.

When Prue arrived on the scene she was greeted by a wail of dismay.

"It's gone! Oh!"—this furiously to her rescuer, "I'll never forgive you, never."

He came towards her, looking about as crestfallen as a man well could.

"I'm awfully sorry," he began apologetically.

"Sorry!" she echoed wrathfully, "what's the good of being sorry?"

"Letty!" expostulated Prue.

"Well! I—I—Oh! it's too bad. And the Professor's coming to—"

To the young man it seemed improbable, almost incredible even,

but there really was something curiously suggestive of tears in the fresh young voice.

"Lætitia!" said Prue, attempting to be severe, "you seem to forget that we might have been left down there all night, but for Mr.—"

"Forsyth," he prompted dejectedly.

Letty tossed her head.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. Forsyth," she said chillily. "Good evening," and picking up her bucket and spade she walked off, leaving Prue to "do the grateful," as she mentally ejaculated.

And Geoffrey Forsyth, who had been thanking his lucky stars for this unexpected chance of making the acquaintance of his "grey-eyed divinity," was left inwardly cursing all things. Then the usually reticent Prue did a strange thing, for she observed, as she shook hands with the dejected knight-errant—

"We are going to explore the caves on Friday—in search of more monsters."

"Thank you so much," he said with straightforward candour. And Prue, despite her thirty years, blushed. Possibly she was dimly conscious of ulterior motives. Anyway, she omitted mentioning to Letty that the young man possessed that particular piece of information.

II.

"Hullo, Uncle! What in the world are you doing here?"

"Come to that," said the Professor genially, "what are *you* doing here?"

As a matter of fact, he was not particularly interested in what his nephew might or might not be doing, but he was unused to subterfuge, and the consciousness that he was not, as usual, altogether on science bent, gave a distinct twinge to his biological conscience.

"Specimen-hunting, I suppose?" queried the young man.

"Why, yes," admitted the Professor. "Care to join me? That is, if you've nothing better to do."

Now, the island of Sark is but a mile or two in length, and it instantly occurred to Forsyth that two scientists on the warpath would be certain to meet; and—well, backed by the Professor, anything might happen. For, in spite of Prue, his meetings with Lætitia had so far been distinctly unsatisfactory. Wherefore—"Delighted!" he said, with alacrity.

"Fact is," pursued the Professor, with a would-be nonchalance that instantly roused the suspicions of his keen-sighted nephew, "fact is, there's a former student of mine here, a Miss Carstairs. I'm expecting to meet her to-morrow. We propose to explore the Guliote Caves for Actinia."

Forsyth surveyed the Professor from under his lids with a sudden, new interest. It was true that he was forty-five, and she was probably two or three-and-twenty, but—

"I don't think I can come to-morrow," was all he said, and he strolled out into the garden of the little hotel and had a very bad, and a rather long, quarter-of-an-hour.

But the morning sunlight brought a ray of hope. It might be all a mistake on his part, and any way there was nothing to prevent his searching for—Actinia.

On rounding a corner in the semi-darkness of the Guliote Caves he ran into Miss Lætitia Carstairs—and alone, a fact he found peculiarly comforting.

"I beg your pardon," said both simultaneously, and presently she added with frank unconventionality, as he lingered near—

"I suppose you're Actinia-hunting, too? There are some awfully rare ones here."

"I should be delighted if I might help you?"

She turned swiftly at the sound of his voice.

"Oh!" she said icily, "it's *you*."

"May n't I help you?" he asked eagerly.

"To lose them?" she suggested cruelly. "No, thank you. I wouldn't think of troubling you," and with her small head very erect she marched on.

She was quite aware that he was standing watching her, and fired with the determination to make a dignified retreat, she forgot that in the Guliote Caves it behoves one to follow the advice of the Apostle, and walk circumspectly. A moment later there was a plunge, a little hiss as her candle spluttered out in the water, a smothered, inarticulate cry, and then a cheery "I'm coming!"

"That's twice," she said crossly, when at length he had succeeded in dragging her out of the pool, whose smooth, slippery sides would, she knew, have defied her unaided efforts.

"I apologise," he replied gravely, as he wrung some of the water out of her dripping garments.

"Don't be absurd," she snapped. Then, after a pause, "Of course, I ought to thank you."

"Not at all," he said imperturbably, and, taking a leaf out of her book, remained serenely silent, well aware that she could not descend from her perch without his aid, and determined not to proffer it.

"Well—thank you," she said at last, almost meekly; then flashed out illogically, "Though it was all your fault. And now would you mind helping me down?"

"On one condition," he laughed: "that you let me follow you round and see that you don't make any further attempts on your life." And she had no choice but to assent.

Half-an-hour later he was wondering, as he obediently held the candle and watched the deft, skilful movements of her white fingers, what his next step should be in the thawing of this scientific icicle, when Fate kindly intervened and took the step for him.

"Where's the Professor?" he asked. (He had already explained the relationship between them.)

"Oh, somewhere about," she answered vaguely. "He's on the look-out for a—"

"Spare me, please," he laughed.

And at that very moment, as they turned another corner in the intricacies of the wonderful caves, the Professor's voice came echoing back to them: "Dearest Prue, you must know I love you."

"It seems," said Letty roguishly, and the dimples came back into her face as by magic, "it seems he was on the look-out for—a wife."

Then she doubled back into the cave they had just quitted, and, sitting down on a rock, laughed immoderately. Geoffrey Forsyth, with a sigh of intense relief, sat down beside her. But in the midst of her laughter her eye was caught by a small, shining object on the dank, dark wall of the cave.

"Why," she cried, springing to her feet, "how could I have missed him! There's the very mesemb—"

"The mesemb—whatever its end may be, can wait," he said firmly, drawing her back on to the ledge beside him.

She was so surprised at this sudden masterfulness in one hitherto so meek that she actually did sit down.

"It's my turn now," he asserted; "you've been hours pottering round after creatures with impossible names, and I've been a miracle of patience. Now I want to talk about something I understand."

"And what may that be?" she inquired, a trifle sarcastically.

"I want to make love to you," he replied calmly.

"But," she objected, after the first gasp of surprise at his audacity, "but I don't want to be made love to—by you."

"That," he asserted, "is because you don't know me."

She laughed in spite of herself.

"Modesty will never be your ruin, Mr. Forsyth."

"I don't want it to be," he admitted candidly. "Now tell me, just as a matter of curiosity, what kind of a man do you like?"

"One who knows what he wants and gets it," she said succinctly, thinking of the Professor and the trick he had played on her, a trick her sense of humour caused her to regard with infinite amusement.

"Well," replied her companion, "I know what I want," and he looked at her so expressively that she promptly ejaculated—

"I imagine you won't get it."

"Do you think not?" he inquired regretfully. "It was lunch I was referring to."

"Oh!" she said, and then added scornfully—"I might have known that. Men are always thinking about things to eat."

"Except when they are thinking about the woman they love," he supplemented. To which she deigned no reply.

"May I begin now?" he asked presently.

"How can you be so absurd?" she demanded. "Why, you've only known me a week."

"But a week of this is equivalent to a year of ordinary 'knowing' " he reminded her.

"I suppose," she said with a sigh, "it's no good asking you to leave off?"

"Not a bit," he returned cheerfully, "and as my knowledge of human nature leads me to imagine you'll see no more of the Professor and Miss Carlyle for the rest of the day, you'd best make up your mind to be content with me."

"And are you going to make love to me all day?" she asked in dismay.

He dropped into sudden gravity, and for a moment she saw the real man, and was startled.

"Dearest," he said gently, and his very voice seemed to have changed, "dearest, I love you. But just because that is so, I am not going to do anything to vex you. I am not even going to speak of my love, only I want you not to quite forget it. Will you promise?"

But Letty for once had nothing to say. He took her hand and kissed it, then relapsing into his normal geniality, said quite simply and naturally, "Now shall we go out and explore? There are some quite fascinating 'bits' in this dot of an island. Come along," reassuringly, "we are going to be just pals, aren't we?"

And Letty for some inexplicable reason, sighed softly.

But he kept his word rigorously, and was all day no more than a quite delightful pal—the adjective was Letty's own.

At the end of it, as they stood together in the gathering dusk, he asked, looking down on her—

"Well, what's the programme for to-morrow? You can't spoil sport, you know, so shall it be science—or me?"

For just an instant she hesitated, and he caught her hands triumphantly in his own.

"She who hesitates is lost," he quoted gaily. "I'll come for you at ten sharp."

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE prompter's hand is on the bell. Throughout the West End the stage is being set, and presently the curtain will rise on that fascinating drama, "The New Season," for which every actor entertains the highest hopes, whether his scenes are placed in the dramatic or comic, the musical or romantic portions of the play.

The distinction of making the first presentation of the new season falls to Mr. Gray Murray, who has arranged with Mr. Tom B. Davis for the use of the Lyric, starting on Tuesday evening next. He has selected a play by the Baroness Orczy and her husband, Mr. Montague Barstow, who, as Orczy-Barstow, will be recognised as the authors of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," in which Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry made so great a success. Mr. Murray, who was at one time an actor but has lately been engaged on the business side of the theatre, one of his more recent engagements having been with Mr. Lawrence Irving, has got together a fine cast for the play, for his company includes Miss Nina Boucicault, Mr. Robert Pateman (who has been acting over long in the provinces), Mr. Ernest Leicester, and Mr. John Tresahar.

Mr. Bouchier, having been the last West-End manager to close his season, is, appropriately, one of the first to open. He will start with "The Morals of Marcus," as Mr. William J. Locke has renamed the adaptation of his well-known novel, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne." The anticipatory paragraphist has seen in Seer Marcoos a part peculiarly suitable to Mr. Bouchier, and, as the cynic might say, for this reason he is not going to play it. This, however, would scarcely be accurate, for the reason is that he had previously arranged to go on tour with "The Fascinating Mr. Vandervelt."

Mr. Bouchier, however, leaves a strong company in occupation of his theatre. Mr. Aubrey Smith will be the Marcus, Mr. Julian L'Estrange will play a leading part, and so will Mr. Sidney Valentine, who is assisting Mr. Bouchier in the production. This fact marks the termination of the popular actor's engagement at the Haymarket. His association with Mr. Bouchier is not new, for it will be remembered that, during the run of "The Walls of Jericho," he played that actor-manager's part for some weeks. Other members of the company will be Mr. C. V. France, Mr. Wilfred Foster, Miss Helen Rous, Miss Marianne Caldwell, Miss Sadie Jerome (who returns after an absence, to the stage), Miss Alexandra Carlisle (who will be remembered by reason of her success during Mr. Nat Goodwin's unsuccessful season at the Shaftesbury), and Miss Lillah McCarthy.

Among the many other difficulties with which plays have now to contend must be placed the condition of the thoroughfares. It was the intention of Mr. Charles Frohman to present "Toddles" next week at the Duke of York's Theatre. The powers who rule the destinies of the streets, however, have determined that St. Martin's Lane, which is up, shall remain up, so that it has been decided to postpone the opening till the first Wednesday of next month. Similarly, visitors to the Comedy were not for some time able to drive to the door, but had to walk to the theatre from one of the corners. In spite of that drawback, however, "Raffles" has continued to draw good houses—proof of its attractive qualities.

The verdict of the Manchester playgoers has always been held in high esteem by Mr. Forbes Robertson, and it is in that city, where he starts his tour, that he will produce "The Merchant of Venice." Shylock will be the important contribution he is making to his repertoire, in which "Hamlet" still conspicuously figures, with "Mice and Men" and "The Light that Failed." Miss Gertrude Elliott will, as may be imagined, play Portia, and her admirers will naturally be interested in seeing her in the golden wig which she must inevitably wear in order to embody the beauty of

Belmont of whom Bassanio said—"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece"; and in another place declared that—

In her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who have been holiday-making at their own house in Filey, start their tour at Llandudno,

and will play the repertoire which they used last season—"The Elder Miss Blossom," "The Housekeeper," "A Tight Corner," and "The Iron Master." They will visit the Marlborough Theatre, thus affording enthusiastic playgoers the opportunity of seeing them in London.

Miss Neilson and Mr. Terry, who have been holiday-making on the Continent, will rely for the most part during their provincial season on "Dorothy o' the Hall," which had so prosperous a run last season at the New Theatre, to which they will return later on. On their tour they will try one or two plays which they have secured, among them a costume drama by B. M. Dix and E. G. Sutherland, the authors of "The Breed of the Treshams," and "Boy

O'Carroll," and a modern play by Mr. Henry Langley Lander, who will thus be introduced to the London public.



"THE BEAUTY OF THE BATH": MISS BETTY HICKS.
DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. SEYMOUR HICKS.

Photograph by Ellis and Valery.



THE PASSION PLAY AT CABBÉ ROQUEBRUNE: A SCENE IN THE VILLAGE.

Each year, the people of the little village of Cabbé Roquebrune, which is situated on the Gulf of Cap Martin, near Nice, hold a Passion Play which bears a strong resemblance to the mystery plays of the Basque country. The procession is formed in front of the church, and then marches towards a chapel 5000 feet above the village. The Passion is represented by a series of tableaux vivants.

Photograph by Huttin Trampus and Co.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE GREAT EBOR—WILL A MARE WIN THE ST. LEGER?—MR. ELSEY.

THE Great Ebor Handicap, which is run a week hence, still remains, with the Gimcrack Stakes, the central attraction of the York Meeting, although the old-time significance has long ceased to attach to it. So much has it dropped out of the front rank of big handicaps that even on the day the acceptances appeared it claimed no notice from ante-post speculators. This fact in no way detracts from a race, but I point it out as a sign of changing times. Of the thirty-six entered, sixteen, in addition to Débutante, who was scratched after breaking down at Haydock Park, paid the five sovs. forfeit. Strangely enough, all those entries who ran in the race last year are left in. They include The Page, who, in winning a year ago, gave Bibiani 2 lb. and a neck beating. This year Bibiani receives 5 lb. Airship, who was sent to Nottingham, but did not run, is also favourably treated, in company with The Page, who, after his Ebor success, failed to gain the judge's notice until he won at Gatwick in May, by a head from King Duncan. It is evidently first or nothing with him. And from latest accounts I hear he is likely to be first again at York. He has been doing very well in his work, and is sure to be a dangerous candidate, whatever the result of the race may be. Golden Measure, who fell when such a hot favourite for the Goodwood Plate, is left in, but meets The Page on more unfavourable terms than last year, although he was unplaced to Mr. Sullivan's horse.

Are we to see the St. Leger won this year by a mare? It seems more than likely, for the more one searches for something to beat Lord Derby's Keystone II. the more one is struck by the paucity of the opposition. Of course, Black Arrow "may be anything"—as the saying is. He may be left at the post, or he may run away with the race. His patient owner regards him as a non-stayer, but he is going to run his colt in the St. Leger, which is a contest over a mile and three-quarters. There are instances of "sprinters" winning long-distance races—witness the victory of Velocity at Lewes—but it requires staying power as well as speed to win the St. Leger, and there will be animals running in the race that possess both of those admirable qualities.

age in this country; but if he can do no better than at Epsom, the St. Leger will not be his. Lord Derby, the owner of Keystone II., is said to be keen on winning the St. Leger, and the discretionary policy pursued with the mare at Goodwood to an extent confirms that. She could do no work beyond paddock and walking exercise for a day or two lately owing to a sore mouth, but I do not think the easing up will prevent her following in the footsteps of those other brilliant mares, Sceptre and Pretty Polly. Should Gorgos reproduce the form he showed in the Lewes Stakes, he will probably be her most dangerous opponent.

Mr. W. E. Elsey, who trains at Baumber Park, Horncastle (visions of George Borrow rise up at the mention of that horsey town), sets up a record that he may break it—at any rate, that appears to be his ambition this year. Last season he trained no fewer than 124 winners, and this year he has already sent out about seventy, and there are more than three months to run, so that he stands a very good chance of achieving another best on record. The string under Mr. Elsey's charge is a prodigious one. Gradually built up from very small beginnings, the Baumber stable is nowadays a potent factor in Northern and Midland racing, and this last year or two the Lincolnshire wizard has made a few successful incursions into Southern regions. That Mr. Elsey's system of training must be an excellent one results alone prove, but one would rarely be brought to back his horses after a paddock inspection, any more than one could some of old Tom Jennings' "sparrows," as they were affectionately called. Mr. Elsey likes to snap up unconsidered trifles in the way of horseflesh that most men would not look at, and these "trifles" loom large in the list of his successful animals. Catty Crag tired John Osborne to such an extent that Mr. Elsey was able to buy that horse for less than thirty guineas, and his rejuvenation was a marvel of the 1904-5 seasons. Last year Mr. Elsey began with a smallish string of seventy-seven, but at the opening of the 1906 campaign he had charge of over a hundred horses, so that his chances of topping his previous best may be said to be correspondingly increased. One of the most successful platers in his stable is Ianthe, which would not



MASCOT EXTRAORDINARY TO THE HARVARD CREW: MASTER WRAY.

Master Wray, who has the honour of being mascot to the Harvard crew that is to meet Cambridge next month, is the son of the trainer of the American University's crew, Mr. James Wray, ex-champion sculler of the world.

Photograph by Photo Press Agency.



HAULING IN THE NET, WHICH CLOSES, UMBRELLA-FASHION, AS IT IS DRAWN UP.



RE-CATCHING THE LIVE BAIT, WHICH HAS BEEN STORED IN THE PERFORATED CASE SHOWN AND SUNK IN THE WATER.

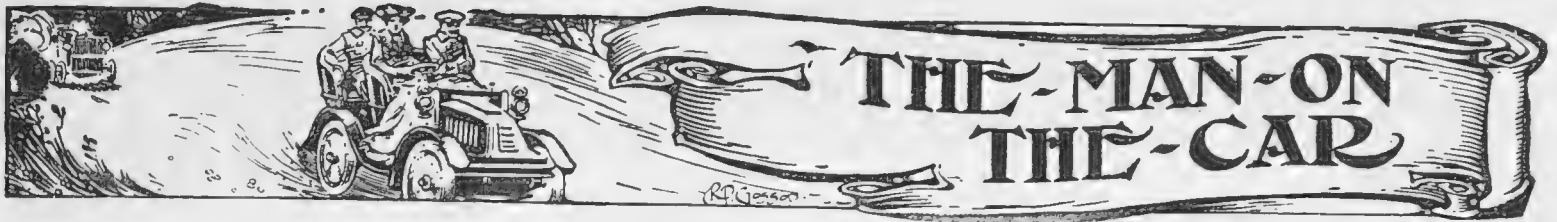
MAKING THINGS EASY FOR THE ANGLER: CATCHING LIVE BAIT.

Photographs by Clark and Hyde.

So I think we may say good-bye to the chance of a victory for Black Arrow. Storm, the French colt, who did so badly behind Spearmint in the Derby, and so well against the same horse in the Grand Prix de Paris is spoken of as a dangerous candidate. Certainly a reproduction of his Grand Prix form would bring him upsides with the best of his

look at a starting-gate when the property of Mr. Lindemere, but since Mr. Elsey has trained the filly for Mr. Parker she has become so tractable that she has won half-a-dozen races. CAPTAIN COE.

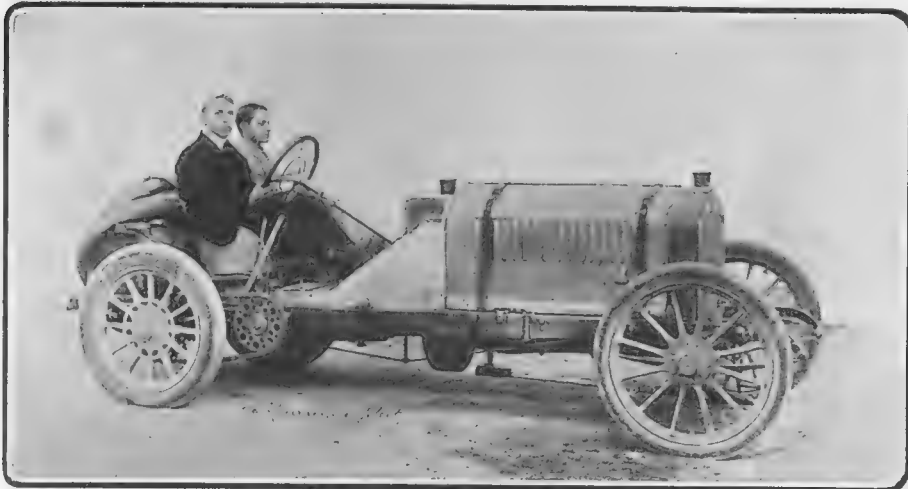
Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



THE VICTORIES OF THE DE DIETRICHs—JARROTT AND LETTS JUBILANT! WONDERFUL PLACINGS—HOW COBHAM DOWN'D THE DUST!—
 DRY AND WET ACETYLENE: AWAITING THE NEW PROCESS—EXORBITANT INSURANCE PREMIUMS.

IF we cannot win the great race of the Circuit des Ardennes, there is some compensation at least in learning that this historic event has fallen to a make of car which is handled in this country by so popular a firm as Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, of Great Marlborough Street, W.C. The fact is the more interesting seeing that Mr. Charles

and largely reduced the cost of scavenging and upkeep, while most satisfactorily fulfilling the original idea of abating the dust nuisance over part of what is undoubtedly the most motor-frequented road running out of London. Now, what Cobham has done, other places of greater importance may well do, particularly now that such a method of road treatment has been shown to be an economy rather than an expense.



WINNER OF THE CIRCUIT DES ARDENNES RACE; DURAY ON HIS 120-H.P. DE DIETRICH.

Duray covered the 266½ miles of the Circuit des Ardennes in 5 hours, 38 minutes, 39 seconds. The dimensions of the de Dietrich car driven by him are as follows:—Motor—4 cylinders; bore—185 mm.; stroke—160 mm.; horse-power—120; weight—1,000 kilos.; wheel-base—2m.95. It is fitted with Michelin tyres. The four de Dietrich cars entered finished first, third, fifth, and seventh.

Photograph by H. J. Redding and Co.

Jarrott himself drove a French car to victory in this very race, and effected what was considered at the time, a wonderful driving feat. In last Monday's contest that well-known and skilful driver, Duray, was at the helm, and succeeded in putting up a very fine performance. The circuit, which measured 53 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles, had to be covered five times, so that the total distance was 266½ miles. Nineteen cars started, the remarkable absentees being the Panhard and the Hotchkiss cars. Twelve of the drivers are well known to fame, and I note that the English amateur, Alexander Burton, took charge of one of the Mercedes cars at the last moment, in place of Mareaux, who was incapacitated by sudden indisposition just before the race.

Not only did the Lorraine Dietrichs score first honours, but Gabriel succeeded in placing his car fifth and Sorel his de Dietrich seventh. No other team did anything like so well, the second car being Hanriot's Darracq, the fourth Barillier's Brasier, the sixth young Clements' Bayard, and the eighth Wagner's Darracq. Duray covered the full distance in 5 hrs. 38 mins. 39 sec., Hanriot (Darracq) being but 1 min. 42 sec. slower with the third car and the second de Dietrich 9 mins. 50 sec. later again. So close a fight between the first de Dietrich and the Darracq will characterise the Circuit des Ardennes of 1906 as the most sensational speed race of the year, and, thanks doubtless to the perfect organisation for which this Belgian event has always been famed, no accident marred its progress from start to finish. From those who were present I learn that the management throughout was in marked contrast to that which obtained in the Circuit de la Sarthe.

If road surveyors and those under whom they work are really desirous of coping with the dust nuisance, for which their roads are primarily and motor-cars but secondarily responsible, they should pay a visit to Cobham Street, Surrey, on the famous Portsmouth Road, and behold for themselves what has been done there to abate annoyance to the dwellers by the roadside. Over a mile of road, running from the foot of Pain's Hill through Cobham Street itself, up Tartar Hill on to the Fair Mile, and down to the bottom of White Hill, giving off the last-named famous stretch of road, has been treated with tar in such wise that dust does not rise from, nor does water lie upon, the surface. The local surveyor writes that this treatment has greatly lengthened the life of the road

There is room for much improvement in the construction and operation of acetylene headlights. The charging and discharging of the generator vessels is not the cleanest job in the world, and the behaviour of the best is not always to be relied upon. The wet process of forming the illuminating agent is undesirable, and not without some danger, so that the method of producing the gas by feeding ordinary washing soda on to powdered carbide, lately suggested, may have much to recommend it, if the size of the apparatus can be kept within reason and the system easily manipulated. It is claimed that acetylene gas produced by the addition of soda is much less offensive to the olfactory senses than that at present in use, while, being much purer, it does not deposit in the pipes and burners. If this method is really practical and handy it should have a great future before it, and I marvel that it has not been pushed to the front long ere this.

Whatever may be alleged to the contrary by those particularly interested, I think there is very little doubt—at least, amongst automobilists—that the premiums asked for insuring cars and their drivers from various risks are higher than they ought to be, and indeed higher than they would be if the whole matter were not in an experimental condition. No actuarial figures are obtainable, nor will they be obtainable, for some time, so that all the premiums set out upon the circulars are but so many shots in the dark. Sometime since there was more than a little talk about a co-operative insurance scheme for automobilists, in which, as far as I understand it, a number of motor-car owners were to pool so much money, from which each member of the body should be reimbursed for any accident in accordance with an agreed list and scale. To the non-actuarial



A GAIETY FAVOURITE WHO HAS RETURNED TO THE MUSIC HALL: MISS CONNIE EDISS, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

Miss Connie Ediss made her appearance at the London Pavilion last week in an amusing comedietta, in company with Mr. Henry A. Lytton. Both Miss Ediss and Mr. Lytton double parts; the former playing a lady and a cook; the latter, a young lord and a private soldier.

Photograph by David Rees.

mind this scheme seemed to promise well, but nothing has been heard of it of late, and it may have met its end at the fiat of average-staters, or others who would seem to have no difficulty in proving that two and two make five.

KEY-NOTES

ON Nov. 3 the Queen's Hall Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Henry J. Wood, will begin its work again (under the customary title of Symphony Concerts), and will continue it until Dec. 15. Then, after a brief rest, the series will be renewed, to run from Jan. 19 to March 2 inclusive. All the concerts will be given on Saturdays, beginning at 3 p.m. So great a success has attended their predecessors that there can be no question about the probability of their attractiveness.

Herein, to a large extent, lies the secret of Mr. Wood's enormous popularity. During a Promenade Concert season he has practically refused to cheapen music just for the sake of those who have desired and looked for cheap music. The result has been that London audiences at such a concert-hall as Queen's Hall have been to a large extent drilled into hearing with their ears, and not with a mechanical kind of hearing. It is by this means that a critical instinct has been aroused among many who would otherwise have been content with stuff that "tickles the ears of groundlings."

To return for a moment to the programme announced for the opening night of the Promenade Concerts. Of course, the National Anthem; then Mr. Lloyd-Chandos in Coleridge-Taylor's "Onaway, Beloved," a piece which is now as popular as the whole of "Hiawatha" put together. Miss Perceval Allen has been put down for that exceedingly difficult, but very effective song, "Ocean, thou Mighty Monster" (why *did* the old librettists write in so curious a spirit of bombast?) and Mr. Peterkin has been announced for an interpretation of Sullivan's exquisite "Thou'rt passing hence, my brother," Tchaikowsky, Liszt, Schubert, Grieg, Blumenthal, Wagner, and many another have been included in a programme of amazing length. The notes attached to the various pieces to be performed are as banal as ever. Mr. E. F. Jacques used to work out this peculiar form of

humble parentage.") This information meets the eye as a prelude to a note on the Overture to "William Tell." It sounds like a sentence from a German grammar-book. One wishes all success, nevertheless, to the Promenade Concert Season.

The details of the forthcoming Birmingham Festival, to be held from Tuesday, Oct. 2, to Friday, Oct. 5 (inclusive), have now been satisfactorily settled. Certainly, the list of singers leaves nothing to desire. The sopranis are Mesdames Albani and Agnes Nicholls and Miss Gleeson-White. The last-named lady has not, in our memory, always been quite up to Festival form, but one trusts that she will make the best of a first-rate opportunity. The solo-contralto parts will be taken by those admirable singers, Madame Ada Crossley and Miss Muriel Foster. The part of the solo-violin will be entrusted to that highly successful young artist, Mischa Elman. Among the other vocalists engaged for this Festival we are very pleased to note the name of Mr. Andrew Black. We learn that this fine singer, who has not been heard in England for many a long day, has already arrived, or is due to arrive immediately, in this country, after a prolonged tour in Australia and elsewhere, having encountered wherever he went a great and signal success. Mr. William Green will also sing at this festival. Mr. Green "never fails to please," while Mr. John Coates, whose reputation is not only one of English make but is widespread in Germany, is also to sing at the same Festival. Other names associated with the same Festival are Mr. John Harrison, Mr. Dalton Baker, Mr. William Higley, and Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies.



MUSIC IN TYROL: THE VILLAGE BAND OF ST. ANTON.

Very many of the villages in Tyrol have their own bands, composed in every case of peasants. As a rule, the members wear the national costume of their district. Considering the fact that the orchestras are amateur organisations the work they do is particularly good.

As usual, the Festival opens with Mendelssohn's "Elijah," which, as everybody knows, was composed for Birmingham. On the same day, in the evening, we shall have Sir Edward Elgar's "The Apostles," to be followed the next morning by his new work, "The Kingdom," composed expressly for this Festival. We expect great things from this composition. Elgar does nothing which he thinks to be unworthy of himself. Through the whole of his career he has never stooped below a set artistic level. It is true that certain critics have found in such a melody as "Land of Hope and Glory" a theme unworthy of Elgar in his greatest moments. But we are certain that even in the instance just quoted, the musician rose, at all events, to the level of the literature placed before him for setting. It is when his theme is individual, and touches his innermost feelings, that he is at his best.

We are also glad to note that a new work by Mr. Josef Holbrooke, "The Bells," will be produced at the same Festival. We have a profound belief in Mr. Holbrooke's talent. He is a composer of great originality, intensely vital, and with a singularly broad outlook upon the great world of instrumentation and orchestration. A new work by Mr. Granville Bantock, a very fair representative of the modern English school of music, will also be produced. The title of the work is "Omar Khayyam." We should much like to dive into the mysteries of time and discover what the old philosopher might think of his work bedecked with shining, modern dress. The name of Omar almost spells indolence; it will be interesting to note how Mr. Bantock shakes him out of his dreams.

COMMON CHORD.



PLANNING A NEW LIGHT OPERA: MM. MASSENET AND CARRÉ.

All lovers of light opera and those graceful compositions which may claim to be peculiarly Gallic have a kindly feeling for that veteran French composer, Jules Massenet. His songs have been and are sung all over the world, and he is now hard at work on a new opera which will shortly be produced at the Opéra Comique, which, under the brilliant direction of M. Carré, has never been more prosperous than at present. M. Massenet is very proud of the fact that he was the twenty-first child of his parents, his father having been one of Napoleon the First's most valiant younger officers. Jules showed signs of musical genius from childhood, and won, when only seventeen, the first prize at the Paris Conservatoire of Music; while at twenty, a Cantata, entitled "David Rizzio," won him the much coveted Prix de Rome.

Photograph by Manuel.

literature—if literature it may be called—a good deal better than do the annotators of to-day. ("Rossini died on Nov. 13, 1868, at Passy, at the age of seventy-six, having been born at Pesaro in 1792 of

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

I KNEW a woman, quite *femme du monde*, who laid it down with authority that to have one's hair well dressed was to be well dressed; and there is more than a little in this trite confession of faith. Frenchwomen are always *bien coiffé*, Englishwomen sometimes, and herein lies a greater difference in effect than many realise. The smartest gown is disappointing, the most perfect hat inadequate, if



FOR THE CASINO.

the hair is not made much of—to be colloquial but explicit. Whenever I see a typical English girl, clear of complexion, of good, upright build, with health written all over her bright face and graceful figure, my admiration of her excellent points is generally qualified by a sigh over her hair and a groan over her waist, the former pulled in and the latter spread out, just reversing the order which marks the *chic* French or the 'cute American woman. It is equally a mistake to let one's figure "go" in the matter of waist as it is to tight-lace—a fact by no means appreciated in this country, as it is by both our Transatlantic cousins and our good neighbours across La Manche. How often well-made gowns fail in effect through an unduly spread-out waist, only the dressmakers and tailors know. I have seen a leading *couturière* reduced almost to sobs at the spectacle of a client's corset over which she had to build her masterpiece. "These dear, ungainly English," she would say, "with their ready-made corsets and their ready-made shoes, and their so inhumanly arranged coiffures, how shall they arrive at beauty?" And, alack, the indictment holds with all but a small minority of prosperous damsels who can afford maids and other exotic conditions of existence.

After two months of roving abroad from one *ville d'eau* to another, and a sufficient experience of all three nationalities, one arrives at the conclusion that the inadequate altogether of the Anglo-Saxon is chiefly due to her easy-going attitude—or, in plainer English, laziness. Spread-out boots, loose corsets, ungloved hands, soft motor-caps, are all exceedingly comfortable, but excessively unbecoming. The infinite capacity for taking pains has its drawbacks,

but also its rewards, like all things sublunary; and, as applied to personal appearance, is more understood of the two before-named feminine multitudes than they of this Island Empire, which is a pity, and must be taken seriously into future counsels and considerations.

A plague of mosquitoes has made the atmosphere of several well-known Continental resorts unduly lively this year, and as some readers may find themselves in the jaws of these small monsters sooner or later, let me at once recommend all to carry a bottle of Scrubb's Ammonia in their valise or dressing-case. It is a preventive of insect-bites, and is inexpressibly refreshing when used in the bath after a walk or drive. At home or abroad Scrubb's Ammonia is a necessity of comfortable civilised existence.

One other unfailing friend of this holiday season should be noted and annexed in the presence of 4711 Eau de Cologne, which remedies so many's ills of headache, neuralgia, prostration or fatigue. It invigorates the face and the hair if sprayed over each, and a few drops in water softens it, and has at the same time a very stimulating effect on the skin. The freshness and delicacy of 4711 Eau de Cologne as a perfume are unrivalled, while its uses as an eradicator of stains on silk or other delicate substances are no less real, though, perhaps, less well known.

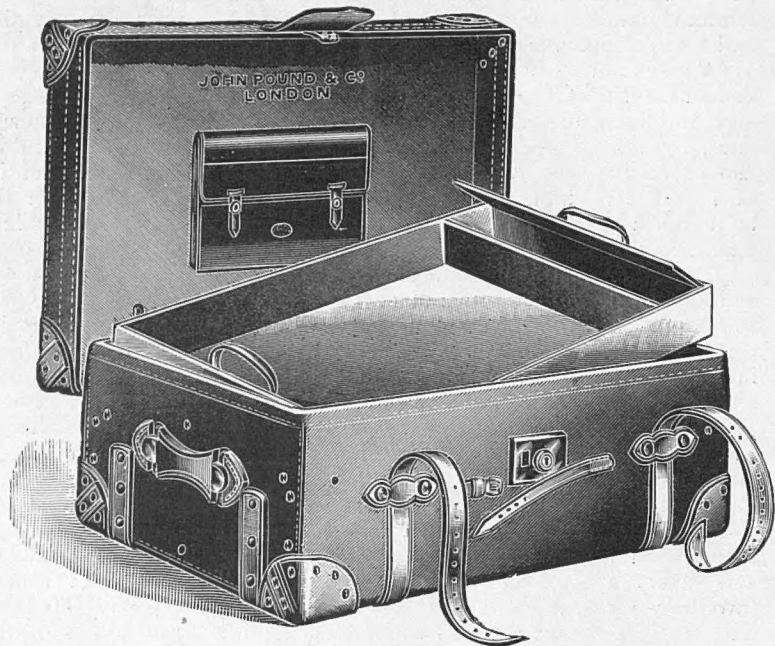
In the matter of travelling paraphernalia, we can, however, justly proclaim our superiority, and from the hecatombs of luggage at out-platform or pontoon one readily distinguishes the excellence and smart appearance of "British baggage." Makers of trunks, travelling-boxes, dressing-bags, etc., like the firm of John Pound and Co., are responsible for this satisfactory reputation, as a visit to their



A DAINTY GOWN FOR A COUNTRY-HOUSE PARTY.

show-rooms at 211, Regent Street, or the various other branches at Piccadilly, Strand, and Tottenham Court Road will amply prove. Excellence in manufacture and sterling worth in material employed are the keynotes of success in any industry. The firm of John Pound and Co. has built its reputation on such sure foundations, and whether it is a leather purse or a gold-fitted dressing-bag, one's purchase is

equally representative of honest worth and honest value—than which no higher testimonial can be given or deserved. An illustration of "something new" in ladies' dressing-bags is given on this page. The case, of real morocco, contains fittings of silver and ivory. A steamer trunk in solid leather, which is made of double strength for



BRITISH BAGGAGE DE LUXE: AN EXCELLENT STEAMER TRUNK
AT MESSRS. JOHN POUND AND CO.'S.

the use and abuse of railway porters of whatever nationality, is also shown, and the globe-trotter can be certain in buying a trunk of this calibre that it will successfully withstand even the assaults of a free and independent American "station hand."

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

G. L. (Newbury).—I cannot more adequately reply to your questions than by recommending a booklet named "To Combat Infantile Mortality," just issued by the proprietors of Mellin's Food. It fully deals with this subject, and should be in the hands of every mother. The pamphlet, written by an admirer of the gentle art of alliteration, as witness Chapter I.: "Bishops, Babies, and Bluebooks"; Chapter II.: "Milk and Municipalities," is a memoir of facts of extreme use and interest to the mothers of Great Britain and Beyond.

SYBIL.

Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, who shares with Mr. Justice Sutton the dubious delight of being vacation Judge, was the subject of one of "Spy's" most successful cartoons. "Bargrave," as he is familiarly called, is taller in mind than in body, but he has the regular legal cast of countenance and a nice pink complexion, due, doubtless, to his yachting and Volunteering exploits. The very first case he had to try on his elevation to the Bench little more than a year ago was a matter of salvage, and it was soon evident that his lordship knew port from starboard, and was, in fact, a good seaman as well as a good judge. Volunteering, however, was even more his passion than the sea. It began at Winchester, was continued at Oxford, and culminated in the command of the "Devil's Own." When he was at Balliol "Bargrave" won a unique prize, which some anonymous eccentric offered the University for the best essay on a subject connected with International Law. Mr. Deane's essay was on the Law of Blockade.



AN UNFAILING
HOLIDAY FRIEND.
"4711" EAU DE
COLOGNE.

British institutions of various sorts flourish in the soil of France since the *Entente Cordiale*. Every self-respecting young Frenchman plays golf, or does something English in his spare time; his sister plays tennis, and his mother is sure to have taken on "the five o'clock." Further evidence of an Anglophile spirit might be found in the present tendencies to shut the shops on Sunday—the beginning, who knows? of the British "Sabbath." One of the most interesting things imported from across Channel is the British nurse, bless her! The lay sister à l'Anglaise, with neat uniform and angelic expression, has begun to invade the hospitals. Society ladies are burning to emulate Florence Nightingale, and to bandage and to potion the army. They began the other day at some manoeuvres at Janisy, just without the walls of Paris. "Pitou," that is to say, the French "Tommy," fell (by order) and was carried to the hospital. There, ladies of high degree, furnished with hospital certificates, ministered to him. Delicate fingers twisted bandages, applied antiseptics to the theoretical wound, and ripped off boots and stockings. The wounded seemed to like it; it was better than marching in the sun.

KING ALFONSO AND SHERRY.

THE visit of his Majesty the King of Spain to these shores is of interest in ways political and social, and is likely also to leave a permanent mark on our ways of looking at things Spanish. Those who have been entertained on board his Majesty's yacht *Giralda* have noticed the way in which it is the custom to treat the wines of Spain. Here we are accustomed to look on the finest wines of that country as an antepandial appetiser, but those who have been privileged to partake of the royal hospitality have been greatly struck by the use to which these fine wines are put by those who really know how to appreciate them. On the menus of the royal yacht they have taken their proper place, and we give below a copy of two which graced the table on very important occasions lately—

COMIDA DE SS. MM. 6 AGOSTO, 1906.

Consomme con profiteroles.
Sopa de ave.
Colombinas a la Italiana.
Turbot salsa Dieppoise.
Croquetas Victoria.
Vaca estofada a la Flamenca.
Jamones de Ham frios Rochel.
Codornices de Vignas sobre contrones.
Guisantes a la Francesa.
Pastel Lily.
Helado Imperatriz.

Vinos.

Jerez 1847.
Rhin Johannesberger.
Jerez C. Z. Vina del Barco.
Mouton Rotschild 1878.
Bourgogne Romanoe.
Champagne Ayala 1898.
Jerez Macharnudo seco 1780.
Moscatel Victoria Eugenia.
Cognac Domecq "Jerez."

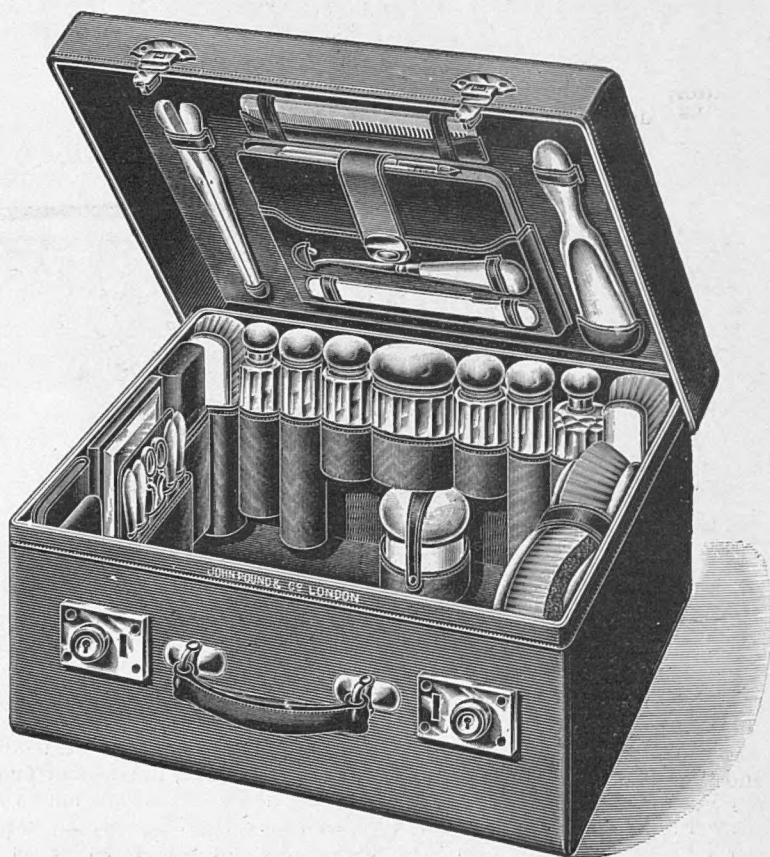
COMIDA DE SS. MM. 10 AGOSTO, 1906.

Comida.
Consomme tres-filetes.
Sopa Fualdes.
Barquetas Rossini.
Truchas asalmonadas salsa Muselina.
Codornices a la Turca.
Temera a la Chivry.
Patos de Nantes frios Cumberland.
Ensalada Parisiense.
Pastel Genoves.
Pinas heladas.

Vinos.

Jerez 1847.
Chateau d'Iquem.
Jerez Amontillado Alfonso XIII.
Mouton Rotschild 1878.
Champagne Ayala 1898.
Jerez Macharnudo 1780.
Moscatel Victoria Eugenia.
Cognac Domecq "Jerez."

It will be seen that sherry took its legitimate place as a dinner beverage, the different classes of fine sherries being given their proper places during the dinner, and all who partook of them were enthusiastic in their praise of what was, to them, a new departure. The



BRITISH BAGGAGE DE LUXE: "SOMETHING NEW" IN LADIES'
DRESSING-BAGS AT MESSRS. JOHN POUND AND CO.'S.

wines were so greatly appreciated by the royal guests that before leaving Cowes for Scotland King Alfonso sent them presents of the rarest wines, to the extent of some sixty dozen.

Sherry has for long been neglected by the diners of our country, and now no less a person than his Majesty the King of Spain has come to show to the compatriots of his Royal Consort what a wealth of enjoyment they have been losing during all these years.

Those who are contemplating the purchase of a piano, whether they desire an instrument of high or low price, much ornamented or comparatively plain, should write to Messrs. Waring and Gillow, Limited, 164 to 180, Oxford Street, for a copy of that enterprising firm's daintily produced pamphlet, "The Choice of a Piano." This gives not only several illustrations from the company's stock, but a well-arranged form which, when filled in and sent to the firm, will bring particulars of the especial kind of instruments desired.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 28.

MARKETS are better: better in prices and in business. Speaking generally, that is to say. The exceptional dullness of Consols is not nice, and if only the Funds could throw off some of their weakness, a potent force would be added to the gaiety of markets. Affairs in Russia cause renewed uneasiness. Imagination is tempted to paint lurid pictures of what might be, but the present outlook is of itself disquieting enough. Home Rails, lazy stocks! are inclined to rest after their arduous ascent, but the Yankee Market more than justifies all the nice things we have said about its shares during the past few months. Kaffirs have taken on fresh leases of living, but other mining shares are somewhat quiescent. The Valparaiso calamity is the latest depressing factor for markets as a whole. Our far-sighted correspondent, "Q," at present holiday-making, recommends an eye being kept on Lancefield shares, as to which he wrote in these columns early this year. Crushing is due to commence this month, and, he adds, the shares may easily go to 30s.

Much hilarity moved the Kaffir Circus last Friday, when a wag placarded last week's *Sketch* picture, "What is One Among so Many?" on an official notice-board. The joke lay in the application of the unhappy breadwinner to a well-known and popular sportsman in the market.

YANKEE DOODLE?

Under the cover of what are really excellent dividends upon Union Pacifics and Southern Pacifics, do our exceedingly "slim" friends in Wall Street intend to get out? "Uncharity" is so inseparable from American speculation that we feel called upon to offer no excuse for making the suggestion. Besides, the tactics have been adopted on so many previous occasions that they may almost be deemed classical. If these dividends are nothing better than a ruse, it obviously behoves the bulls of Yankees to secure profits as quickly as they can. But we hesitate. For the time being, the bulls have fairly got the bit between their teeth, and it may take weeks to stop them. Where the rub comes is in the monetary situation, which grows increasingly unpleasant. But on balance we incline to believe that the spoils are still to the brave bulls.

SPECULATIVE INVESTMENTS.

Consols notwithstanding, the investment markets are mainly strong, stock being none too easy to secure. Argentine Railways, despite the earthquake in Chile, keep steady, with a quiet persistence that shows how the stocks are taken by investors who pay for their purchases. The improvement does not appear to have spent itself, and Argentine Great Western Ordinary stock seems to have several points advance in it. Mexican Rails are one of the features of the moment, and their jump has caused inquiry for National Railroad of Mexico Preferred shares, recommended here when the price was points lower than it is now. We advise a sale of nothing Mexican. Yielding 6 per cent. on the money, Mexican Central Securities "B" Debentures are a healthy speculative investment at anything like 67 or so: they might easily go to 75, but their speculative nature must be emphasised. Paraguay Central shares have risen a sovereign since we indicated them as a good gamble, and the Debentures are said to be good for par—an estimate that we should not confidently endorse. Brazilian Railway descriptions of all kinds commend themselves, and the upward movement in speculative Railway issues will probably go considerably further.

WHERE DELAYS ARE IRRITATING.

Details of transfer-work are not easily grasped by a great majority of people, who can scarcely expect to be conversant with the procedure regarding such work. Because a client fails to receive shares on the account-day for which they are purchased, he turns and upbraids (to other people) his broker for slackness in the performance of the latter's duty. Yet reflection will show the client that at least a week, and often longer, must elapse before it is possible to deliver a deed which has to go to three or four sellers for signature, or to some foreign country where the seller may happen to be. When the deed does come and is returned, after signature, to the buyer's broker, the client cannot understand why he should have to wait several weeks

before he gets the certificate of the shares. For this period of waiting the company, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is alone responsible. Transfer-work could be done very much more expeditiously if the attendance of directors to pass the transfers and sign certificates were to be relied upon with certainty. In many offices, too, there is quite needless delay on the part of the staff in the preparation of the new deeds. By way of improving matters for stockbrokers, many companies have a little habit of dating their certificates a week or two before they are ready for distribution. Thus, a broker's representative is told to apply for a certificate, say, on Aug. 22, and when he does so, the document is found to be dated Aug. 10. Noticing this, the client who gets the deed on Aug. 23 naturally concludes that the broker has been slack in attending to his customer's business, whereas the fault lies wholly with the Company. Speaking generally, a certificate should be ready about three weeks or a month after the buyer has returned the transfer to his broker, although, of course, there are various exceptions both as regards shorter and longer periods following upon registration of the latter deed.

NEWS FROM THE BARRIER FIELD.

Our correspondent at Broken Hill, sends a long letter of interesting matter, of which the following is the first instalment. It is dated July 6, 1906—

Broken Hill.

That Broken Hill (which Broken Hillites claim is the greatest mining field in Australia) can face disaster and never flinch—or flinch only for a moment, is proved beyond a doubt by the figures and statistics of the past six months. Since the beginning of the year Broken Hill has been afflicted by the Proprietary fire in Block 11, by the Junction fire (which threw the Junction, Junction North, and North Mines out of work), and by the Central—Block 10—"creep."

Yet the position at the end of June was not to be sneered at, even by the most pessimistic.

At the end of last December the number of men employed in mining on the Barrier was 7717, the record for the field. At the end of March (the Junction and Proprietary fires had come in between) the total was 7389; and at the end of June it was 6912. The difference between the end of March and the end of June is more than made up by the Central Mine, which before the "creep" employed 1345 men, and at the end of June only 700. The Proprietary now has an almost normal pay-roll; while the unaffected-by-disaster mines show a steady general increase. Had no disasters happened the mines by now would have had at least 8500 men at work.

The mineral export statistics for the past six months show that Broken

Hill is not retrograding. For the January-March quarter the value of the minerals sent from Broken Hill was £493,293; for the quarter ended June the value was £518,398. The figures appended tell their own story, and explain the reason of this increase. Here are given, quarter by quarter, the exports in quantity and value—

BY QUANTITIES.

Leading Concentrates, containing—	March Quarter.	June Quarter.
Silver	1,456,590 oz.	1,401,610 oz.
Lead	598,200 cwt.	591,720 cwt.
Silver-lead crudes	75,840 cwt.	75,820 cwt.
Zinc concentrates	365,360 cwt.	531,600 cwt.
Copper	3,340 cwt.	2,800 cwt.
Tin	5 cwt.	10 cwt.
Gold	970 oz.	662 oz.

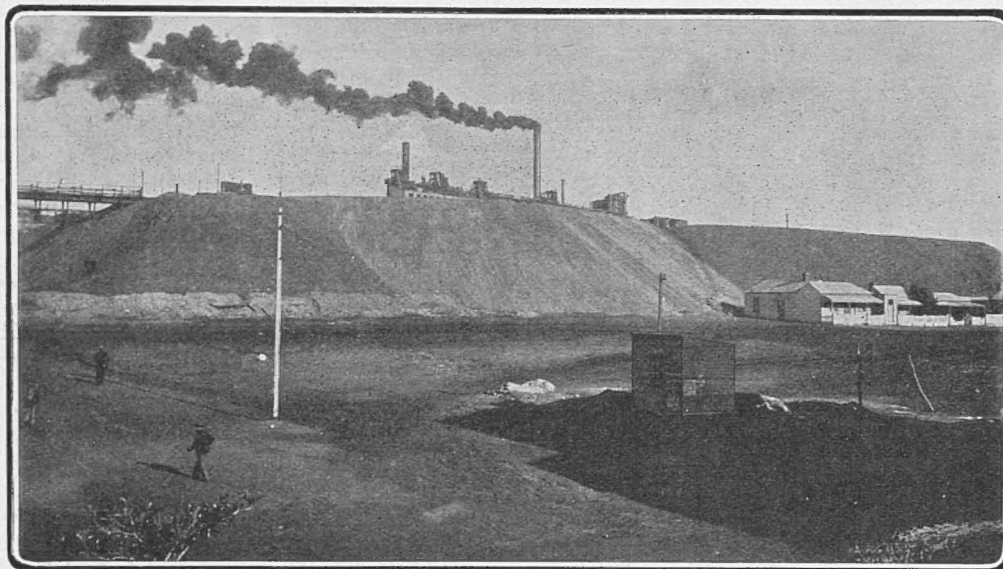
BY VALUES.

Leading concentrates, containing—	March Quarter.	June Quarter.
Silver	£118,826	£120,990
Lead	317,853	328,043
Silver-lead crudes	11,504	11,116
Zinc concentrates	39,835	53,860
Copper	1,370	1,730
Tin	25	11
Gold	3,880	2,648
	£493,293	£518,398

Thus, last quarter, out of a total value of exports of £563,068, minerals represented £518,398. The balance was wool, hides, and opal from White Cliffs. In considering the mineral figures, by the way, it must be always remembered that the values quoted are net, and by no means represent the value of the minerals in the ores.

The advance last quarter in the zinc concentrates produced and exported is most marked. In fact, the figures constitute a record. Never before has an equal quantity been sent away in any one period of three months. The increased value of the lead and silver exports was, in some degree, the result of the high market-price of those metals. The value of metals has, of course, had a lot to do with the prosperity of Broken Hill for the past quarter. Had lead and zinc been lower on the English and Continental markets, Broken Hill would not have shaped so well, though the position is never likely to be so bad as it was a few years back. Work can be carried on to-day at a profit on much lower prices than was the case in the past. One mine-manager goes so far as to say that he can return a profit with lead as low as £8 per ton.

In considering the position of Broken Hill in relation to the rest of the State of New South Wales, one may compare the statistics quoted in the 1905 report by the



BROKEN HILL PROPRIETARY MINE: ZINCIFEROUS DUMPS.

Department of Mines. Therein it is stated that the value of the silver, lead, and zinc obtained in New South Wales for the year was £2,131,317. "In addition, 270,474 tons of concentrates were exported," and the actual value accruing to the Commonwealth from the silver-lead mines of the State was £3,313,037. These figures are, to a major extent, gross. Yet Broken Hill's net figures for the past six months total £1,011,691.

Broken Hill has progressed during this half-year. It has had its grave disasters, but to a great extent has overcome them. The fire on the Proprietary Mine stagnated operations on the "big" proposition of the Barrier for a time, but energy and brains obtained a mastery. Gradually the fire was, not overcome, but controlled. To-day an area of ground is blocked off from work, but the country adjoining is now in the hands of the producers. Fires are always a possible source of annoyance, if not trouble; and a man would need to be an extreme optimist to assert that the Block 11 outbreak is a thing of the past. But the chances are in favour of it causing no further serious inconvenience. A good feature in connection with the Proprietary Mine has been the developments at the 1100 ft. and 1200 ft. levels, the deepest workings of the mine. At the 1200 ft. level the ore body is in places 60 feet wide, and the grade of ore is higher than that at the immediate upper levels. Block 10, too, has met with excellent ore at the 1215 ft. level, a body up to 45 ft. wide. Both the 1115 ft. and 1215 ft. levels of this mine are shaping well. Were they not, the mine would not be in too happy a state. The last Block 10 Central "creep" upset most of the upper levels, and though the damage is being rapidly repaired, there is no doubt that the underground movement has not yet ended and the workings may yet have a further smash. "Creeps" are like mine fires—one never knows where they will end. Months may elapse ere they speak, but they are certain to speak sooner or later. Were the "creep" non-existent, Block 10 would just now be in excellent feather. Its mill is capable of good work, and the ore is in the mine. But owing to the difficulty of reaching some of the ore, the mill of late has had to treat what it can get—hence the poor ratio of eight tons to one.

The position of the Central Mine is a novel one. The "creep" spoilt the upper working levels, and also virtually destroyed the mill. A new mill was in course of erection at the time of the "creep," but at the best only two sections of the plant can be in operating mood by the end of the year. Meantime, attempts are being made to use portions of the old plant as a temporary plant, to allow of hauling ore and to keep the Cockle Creek smelters at work. In addition, the zinc plants (both the Mechernich and the Granulation) are being worked to their utmost, to keep the mine on a profit-making basis. Now Kintore Shaft, while the mine is idle, is being deepened, and it is expected will be down to the 1000 ft. level by the time the new mill is ready for productive work; of the future of the mine it is difficult to speak. There are great reserves of ore in the mine, but there is some doubt as to whether they will be available.

Continuing, the letter deals with developments on the South Blocks, the Proprietary, Zinc Corporation, British, and other Broken Hill undertakings, but lack of present space necessitates our holding this over until next week.

Saturday, Aug. 18, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

WATERY.—Both highly speculative; the second is recommendable for a lock-up, but Tasmanians are very much of a gamble. Thanks for a smile at your capital pseudonym.

FORTY-SECOND.—Quebec and Lake St. John Sixes are likely to go still better. The subject of the second part of your letter must please await conclusion of the holidays.

A REGULAR READER.—There are Ordinary and Preference shares and Debenture stock in J. Lyons and Co. The Company's reserve fund is £400,000. Both Companies' shares are worth buying.

A. T.—Fairly safe, yes. But there are others much preferable—Bovrils, for example.

W. (Johannesburg).—We replied by post on Aug. 17.

H. B. C.—We had not even heard the "current report," and are positive that it is quite inaccurate.

LEEDS.—In further reply, "Q" would recommend that neither share be sold at a loss. He says it is impossible to estimate the life of the Camp Bird Mine.

F. A. B. R.—Your money, we fear, has altogether gone. The bucket-shops fatten upon the inexperience of thousands like yourself; all the cautions in the world seem inadequate to keep people from losing their money to these loaded-dice gamblers.

CRIEFF.—All the four you mention are reasonably good. We think you might do better.

JESUIT.—A little concern, but we should think safe enough to deal with in a small way.

HANOVER.—Your former letter was answered in our issue of July 18. As to the questions before us (1) The shares have proved a disappointment, and may go lower. (2) Our first note answers this. (3) Not at all bad for a gamble. (4) No. (5) You have no doubt seen "Q's" remarks in our last number. (6) Very dark horses, but both have a chance of coming home in the long run.

L. H.—Hold the Waihi shares. Rice Hamiltons are no favourites of ours; Zinc Corporations can certainly be averaged; Benonis are a doubtful quantity; Utah Apex have a fair chance, and Sons of Gwalior might be picked up as a spec. if they fall, say, half-a-crown.

INVESTOR.—Kleinfontein is the best, and likely to turn out well.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Stockton Meeting, the second of the Northern Circuit, is sure to be a huge success, over a hundred boxes having been taken by the end of last week. Here are a few selections: County Stand Handicap; Sea Trip; Zetland Plate, Spate; Stewards' Handicap, Galloper; Hardwicke Stakes, Simon Square; Lambton Stakes, Erriff; Middlesbrough Welter, Otherwise; Durham Produce Plate, Sarcelle; Elton Plate, Simontura; Wilton Welter, Ulysses. At Folkestone some of the following may win: Kent Handicap, Cadwal; Romney Handicap, Shy Lad; Folkestone Handicap, Solano; Cinque Ports Handicap, Perpetua; Smeeth Plate, Aid; Saltwood Plate, La Picaza. At Hurst Park the following may pay their way: Vyner Handicap, Mr. Delamere; Park Plate, Royal Romance; August Two-Year-Old Plate, Knight of Tully; Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate, Varra Weel; Earlsfield Handicap, Kibrit; Walton Handicap, Amersham; Lennox Plate, Admirable Crichton.

FROG-FARMING IN CANADA.

(See Illustrations.)

IN the thousands of small lakes that lie loosely coiled, like the links of a great chain, all over part of Canada the "Bull-frog"—the "O-mukuhke" of the red man—lives. There he led for a century at least, so far back do the records of the white settlers take us, a peaceful, unmolested existence. Then some thirty years ago there appeared upon the scene one man; he listened with pleasure to the great booming sounds that came from the bays and marshes, the wild rice beds and drowned lands; then he built himself many pens on the rivers' sides, and hired the white men and an occasional Indian, as the latter do not like handling the cold, kicking frogs, to catch every big frog they could lay hands upon. All up and down the Kawartha chain of lakes and the connecting rivers these men worked, at first catching the big yellow chaps—the green frog is not marketable—in broad daylight. After the first few years, when the natives learned of the money to be made at this game and built pens and shipped their own catch, the frogs had become wary, and night was the time and the darkest hours the best to catch this nimble game. Then, in canoes with big iron "jacks" filled with fat-pine, flaring like huge torches, all the secluded places were thoroughly searched. Lake after lake was cleaned out, the rivers and marshes and rice beds yielded up their harvest, and with no close season or laws to protect them, the great majority of the frogs leaped down the insatiable maw of the New York market, and too late, although some of these men became rich at the work, they learned they had killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

The methods of catching the frogs changed as they grew scarcer. At first with a triple-trolling hook, a foot of line, and a long cedar pole a frog-hunter could catch in a day's work a thousand big frogs, weighing alive from a pound down to six ounces; by the aid of the "jack" and the flaming pine they managed later to keep the score up to about five hundred; then they discarded pole and hook and took to catching them with the hands alone, using the pole only when the yellow jaws of the big frogs showed far back under the brush that lined these wild shores. Some tried small scoop nets, others baited a hook, with the barb filed off, with red flannel.

The froggers all over this part of Canada and some of the Western States passed out of the business, and a new class of men started to preserve and raise the frog for market; in most cases the men owned a farm with a fresh-water creek and ponds or marshes on it. It was a simple matter to close the egress with wire-netting, catch and buy a few big frogs, and wait for the little tadpoles to grow. No buildings were needed, only a race dam to turn a swamp into a pond. The black alders and birch, the willow and the ash, and the swamp maple soon grew along the edges, and in five years the pond was well fringed with low trees.

A friend of mine has just such a farm. It is the third week in April before it wakes up. The frogs take a cosy nap from November, hibernating from 35 deg. F. to a similar temperature of air. All over, or under, rather, the ponds and creeks and marsh they lie buried in the mud, under the mosses, under fallen timber, anywhere where the frost will not penetrate. In April the "Mor-um" is heard booming over the marsh. So deep and heavy is the united call of a band, that a visiting tourist near this frog-farm asked me if it were not cows. Well she might, for fully a thousand big frogs were swelling out their throats in one great "mor-um" chorus. May finds them farther out in creek, marsh, and drowned lands, and in June the bands gather in the wide waters of the farm and deposit the yarn-like strands of spawn over all the shallow bottom, the waving, submerged tops of parrot-grass, muskinonge-weed, flag, reed, and lily. In a few days—from six to ten, my friend informs me—the hatching is completed, from the first dot in the transparent eggs that tells of life, to the tiny, wiggling tadpole; this, in turn, loses its tail in six weeks, and is a fully formed frog an inch or an inch-and-a-half long; the second year they weigh as much as three ounces, and then, as far as we can judge, only gain an ounce or two a year until fully grown, as a pound is an extreme weight. The fully matured life should be about ten years.

The killing and preparing for market is the only part of the work that lends itself to the camera, so we had a small pen brought to the water, and here we took our photographs. They were all big fellows that would run four or five to the pound dressed. The assistant was busily transferring and sorting the sizes, putting the fully matured in the bags and letting the smaller ones hop away. The killing is done in a perfectly merciful, sanitary way: first, the frogs are killed with the "killing sticks" and laid in heaps upon the tables—in this case on the grass, for clearer illustrating; then the head and fore-legs are chopped off, the skin, caught by a pair of pincers, comes off as easily as a glove, and the body is thrown into a tank of ice-water and thoroughly washed in three waters; then the clean white legs—a frog is legs all the way to the shoulders under market conditions—are packed in the centre of a barrel of ice, a thousand pairs of legs to a barrel, and they arrive, after a six- or eight-hundred mile express journey, in New York or Chicago as fresh as they left Canada. The rule is to sell by commission. The price varies with the season and the method of selling; the shipper I am writing of has a contract with one firm that nets him a price of fifty cents a pound, but he chooses his season: irregular shipments run all the way from fifteen cents to half-a-dollar a pound.